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LETTERS

WRITTEN DURING

THE SIEGE OF DELHI

United Service Institution  
of India.

BY

H. H. GREATHED, ESQ.

LATE OF THE BENGAL CIVIL SERVICE

COMMISSIONER AND POLITICAL AGENT OF DELHI.

EDITED BY HIS WIDOW.

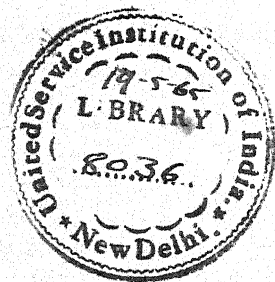
LONDON

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1858

U. S. INSTITUTION  
OF INDIA





TO HER

WHO UNDER THE BLESSING OF GOD  
TENDED SO GREATLY TO FORM THE CHARACTER OF  
THIS WELL-BELOVED SON

*This little Volume is Dedicated*

WITH THE  
WARMEST FEELINGS OF AFFECTION AND ADMIRATION.

E. F. G.



## INTRODUCTION.

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THE year 1857 has become memorable by the mutiny in India, of which much has already been written ; but so deep is the interest felt in the scenes and events of that period, that the desire for more information, and more detailed incident relating to the siege of Delhi, seems yet to exist. The Author of the following letters was so closely connected with, and held so prominent a position in, the besieging army, that what he relates, being written whilst the events were actually passing, possesses a graphic and truthful charm, such as no after-colouring can give. A brief sketch of his career is offered, before giving a slight narrative of those events

which immediately preceded the departure of the Field Force to Delhi.

Hervey Harris Greathed, born at Lausanne in Switzerland, the 31st of August, 1817, was second son of Edward Greathed, Esq., of Uddens House, Dorset, and of Mary Elizabeth, daughter of the late Sir Richard Carr Glyn, Bart. After receiving the elements of education at home, he went to Mr. Bury's at Boulogne in 1827. Here he remained for three years, during which, and the ensuing one, passed with a tutor at Döhren in Hanover, he gained great proficiency in the French and German languages. His education from this time was continued in his own country, at a school of high repute at Bury St. Edmund's, where he ranked as one of the first scholars of his day. In 1834 he was entered at Haileybury, where he gained medals and prizes for his progress in law, natural philosophy, Persian, Hindostanee, and the

Classics. In June 1836, he sailed for India, and in less than a year passed his examination at the college in Calcutta, and then proceeded to the North West Provinces. After filling various diplomatic appointments in the Punjab and Rajpootana, he, in January 1848, went to Europe on leave for three years. On his return to India he was appointed successively to Bijnore, Cawnpore, Allahabad, and Meerut, of which place he became Commissioner early in 1855. All went smoothly and well during this and the succeeding year; the prosperity of India was undisturbed, peace and confidence reigned, and progress and civilisation were leaving their traces throughout the land. No sign as yet foreshadowed the coming storm; none could fathom the volcano upon which our tranquillity was resting. The disbandment of the two native regiments at Barrackpore was the first expression of the disaffection, soon to be spread far and wide.



The growling of the storm approached nearer, and at Umballa an unruly spirit was abroad. Fires were almost of daily occurrence, and portended mischief. But little was said, and few minds were fully aroused to a sense of danger. It will, however, be seen by a letter from Mr. Greathed, written early in April to a friend in England, that his feelings were keenly alive to the disaffection existing in the Indian army. "The gulf between the European and the Asiatic has naturally grown wider, the latter being a stationary character, and among mortal men superiority must be met by more or less hate ; but, as our power of combination increases and theirs decreases, as long as we feel ourselves in the right, we have nothing to fear. The native army is becoming contemptible; their martial spirit has waned, as might be expected, from our treading all warlike propensities out of the people; and they have no longer the virtues of militiamen, and

are neither formidable to foes, nor useful as watchmen. If we wish to have a serviceable native army in this Presidency, we must cease to recruit from the Hindoos of Oudh and Behar, and draw more largely on the warlike tribes across the Sutledge; it is at present a useless expense, and our only source of uneasiness. The disbandment of the 19th was well done. I hope no attention will be paid to the spirit of repentance that has been generated by the loss of pay and of prospects of pension. It is a comfort to be quartered with as many true men as we have here."

In another letter to England at this time, he expresses himself thus:—

"Every English soldier is worth his weight in gold."

It was in the first week of May that he received orders from the Lieutenant-Governor of Agra to visit Allyghur, as some important work required his investigation; but the sense

of coming evil made him very reluctant to leave his post. The following extract from a letter written the day before he left home, will be found interesting:—

“There has been an outbreak among the 3rd Cavalry quartered here, which, though pitifully senseless, must lead to serious consequences. I believe the truth to be, that one of the periodical alarms about compulsory conversion to Christianity has seized the army; and it must be remembered, that conversion with Hindoos and Mohammedans is not a matter of conviction, but the passing through certain forms, or unconscious performance of some act incompatible with their own religion. They are, therefore, more on their guard than we generally imagine against being led to do anything that would sever their ties with their own creed; and the rumour that the Enfield cartridges were greased with hogs’ lard for Mohammedans, and bullocks’

fat for Hindoos, spread like wildfire through the army; and in the wildness of their apprehensions, as there was nothing outwardly visible in the cartridges, the resolution not to use any has been adopted, as the safeguard against contamination.

“The carbine men of the 3rd Cavalry being ordered to parade to learn the new movement, which substitutes tearing for biting the cartridges, refused, to the number of eighty-five, to handle them, although they were the same they have always used, and have, of course, nothing to do with the Enfield. The only reason they could give was, they feared to get a bad name with other regiments. The whole body is to be tried by court-martial, and no doubt a severe example will be made of such flagrant disobedience, which though utterly senseless, exhibits a most dangerous spirit of combination, and an entire want of discipline, and of that confidence between

men and officers which keeps armed men reasonable."

Not till his return on the 9th, did he communicate to me his apprehensions. The 9th was the day fixed for the court-martial; he knew that imprisonment would follow the trial, and that an attempt to force the gaol and to liberate the prisoners might be expected. This conviction urged him to return a day earlier than at first intended.

We dined in the evening at Colonel Custance's. In the course of conversation I related to him what I had heard—that placards had been seen about the city, calling upon all true Mussulmans to rise and slaughter the English. The threat was treated by us all with an indignant disbelief. Alas! one brave officer, Colonel Finnis, sitting with us at table, was, within twenty-four hours, one of the first victims to the infuriated soldiery.

Sunday, the 10th of May, dawned in peace

and happiness. The early morning service, at the Cantonment Church, saw many assembled together, some never to meet on earth again. Well do I remember the few words said and exchanged with poor young M'Nabb\*, who, before the sun had set, had ceased to be amongst the living. The day passed in quiet happiness; no thought of danger disturbed the serenity of that happy home. Alas! how differently closed the sabbath which dawned so tranquilly. We were on the point of going to the evening service, when the disturbance commenced on the Native Parade ground. Shots and volumes of smoke told of what was going on: our servants begged us not to show ourselves, and urged the necessity of closing our doors, as the mob were approaching. Mr.

\* A young friend who had only just arrived, and joined his regiment, the 3rd Cavalry, at Meerut. He was cut down by a party of mutineers, as he was returning home from the Artillery Mess unarmed, and unprepared for the mutiny that had just commenced. He was a youth of great promise, and his untimely end was deeply lamented.



Greathed, after loading his arms, took me to the terrace on the top of the house; two of our countrywomen also took refuge with us to escape from the bullets of the rebels. Just at this moment, Mr. Gough, of the 3rd Cavalry, galloped full speed up to the house. He had dashed through the mutinous troops, fired at on all sides, to come and give us notice of the danger. The nephew of the Affghan Chieftain, Jan Fishan, also came for the same purpose, and was, I regret to say, wounded by a Sepoy.

The increasing tumult, thickening smoke, and fires all around, convinced us of the necessity of making our position as safe as we could; our guard were drawn up below. After dark, a party of insurgents rushed into the grounds, drove off the guard, and broke into the house, and set it on fire. On all sides we could hear them smashing and plundering, and calling loudly for us; it seemed once or

twice as though footsteps were on the staircase, but no one came up. We owed much to the fidelity of our servants: had but *one* proved treacherous, our lives must have been sacrificed.

After some time, the flames got the ascendant, and the smoke became intolerable. Just as the fire threatened our destruction, we heard the voice of one of our servants calling to us to come down. At all risks, we descended. Our faithful servant, Golab Khan\*, seeing our perilous situation amidst the increasing flames, and that every moment was precious, with his characteristic presence of mind and quickness, had suddenly thought of a plan by which to draw away the mob, who, after having satisfied themselves with all the plunder they could get, were every moment becoming more eager in their search for us. He boldly went up to them, won

\* See Appendix.

their confidence by declaring himself of their faith, and willing to give us up into their hands. He assured them it was useless to continue their search in the house ; but if they would all follow him, he would lead them to a haystack, where we had been concealed.

The plan succeeded ; and so convinced were they that what he had told them was the truth, that not a man remained behind. In this interval we got safely down. Not a human being was to be seen near the house ; but we had only just time to escape into the garden when the mutinous crowd returned, madder than ever at the deception that had been practised on them. Golab Khan's life was now almost as much at risk as our own ; but he happily escaped.

In a very few minutes after our descent, the house fell in with a crash, and we thanked God for His merciful preservation of us.

The remaining hours till dawn were not

without anxiety. We were sitting quietly in the bright moonlight, on a "charpoy" which one of the servants had brought out, when an alarm was given that they threatened to search the garden for us. The gardener concealed me under a tree; my husband stood near, with his revolver in his hand. The alarm proved false, and I was glad to be released from my hiding-place.

Never was dawn more welcome to us than on the 11th of May; the daylight showed how complete the work of destruction had been. All was turned into ruin and desolation, and our once bright happy home was now a blackened pile. Sad was the scene; but thankfulness for life left no place for other regrets. With the morning light the mob had all dispersed, and we had no difficulty in making our way to the dragoon lines, where we were most cordially welcomed by our friends, Captain and Mrs. Cookson. They had felt the greatest ap-

prehension as to our fate, knowing that as we were out of cantonments no help could have been given us. We had been utterly cut off from all communication through the night, and sad was the tale of murder and bloodshed we now heard, and terrible the anxiety for those at Delhi, when it was found that the telegraph wires had been destroyed by the Sepoys, before any knowledge of what was occurring had transpired. The mutineers got away during the night, and pursuit was useless. The morrow confirmed our worst fears; but of that hideous massacre all has been made known.

The artillery dépôt, with its large enclosure, was converted into a fort, and became a home for every one; many families occupied the rooms in the long range of barracks, and the space between was filled with tents. Here we found shelter, and with the aid of "tatties" and thermantidotes, felt little inconvenience from the scorching sun and hot blasts. Strength

and spirits seemed to rise with the exigencies of our position; no complaints were heard; heat and comparative discomfort were alike disregarded; all were cheerful and ready to help others, and those who had lost all, had their wants generously supplied by those who had been less unfortunate. A general mess was formed, and we lived as comfortably and happily as under the changed circumstances was possible. Our position was perfectly secure and well guarded, and became every day more strongly intrenched. Active preparations at the same time went on in organising a field force. At length all was in readiness, and the order for the march was hailed with delight; sanguine were our hopes that a fortnight, or at the most three weeks, would see our gallant little army on its victorious return. With many and oft-repeated good wishes and prayers, we saw them depart. On the night of the 27th May they marched away.



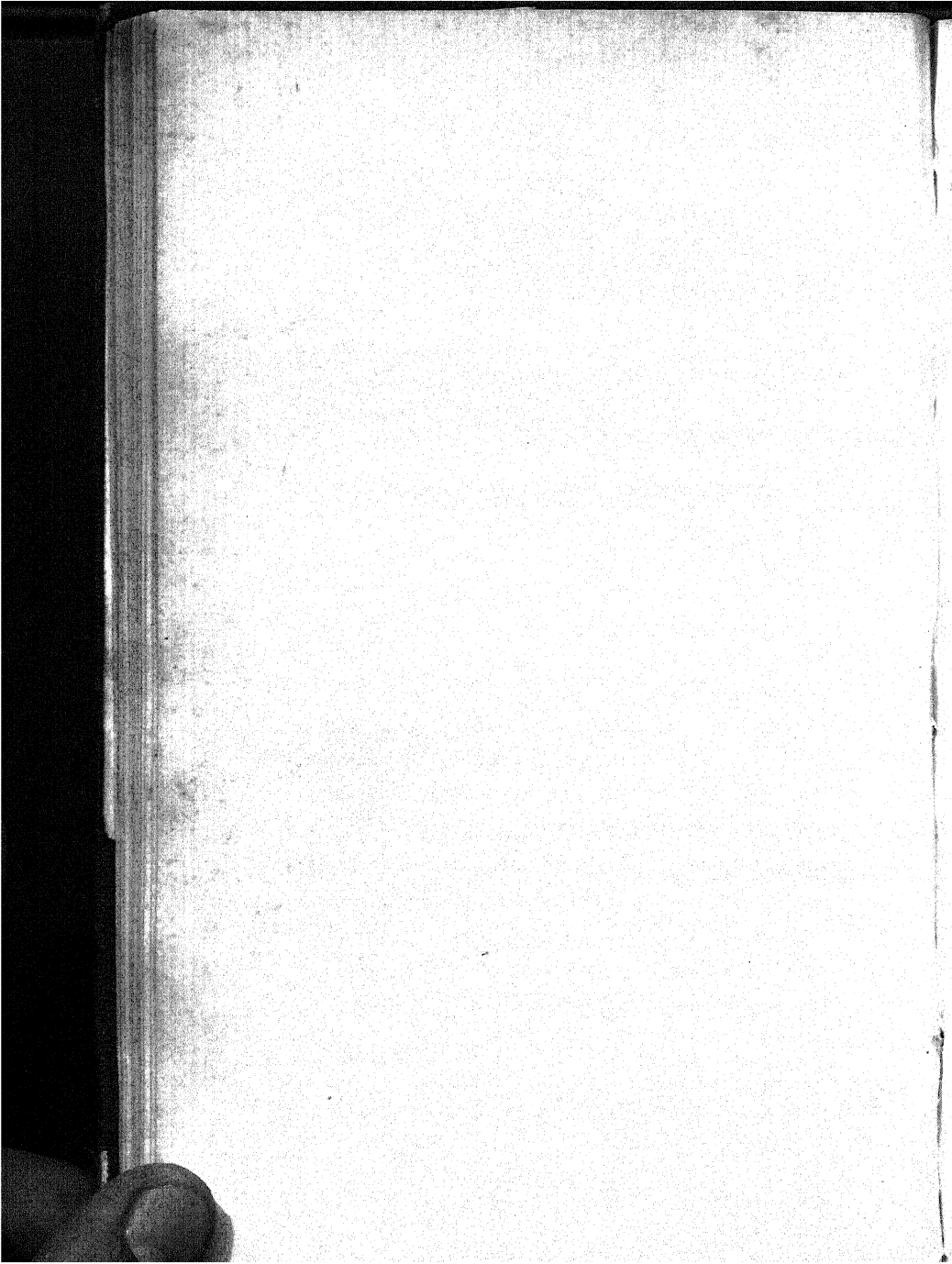
Mr. Greathed's desire to accompany this force was intense, and therefore great was his satisfaction when he received a letter from the Lieutenant-Governor, appointing him his political agent at Delhi, attached to the field force. His knowledge of the native character, his courtesy, and his interest in all military employment, made him in every respect well fitted for such a post, and the services he rendered were of no common importance. He was present at the battles of the Hinden, and closely identified himself with all the interests of the army ; and his sound judgment and cheerful disposition, so hopeful and confident in our good cause, won him a name that must be remembered as long as the siege itself. It may be further mentioned that his confidence of ultimate success to our arms, even under the most trying circumstances of the siege, never for a moment deserted him.

His useful career was closed on earth on the 19th September, before the walls of Delhi,

just in the hour of success and victory. His body rests in the cemetery between Ludlow Castle and the Cashmere Gate, almost side by side with the hero Nicholson.

## ELISA GREATHED.

WORTHY PARK:  
September 7th, 1858.





M. 633

## LETTERS

WRITTEN DURING

# THE SIEGE OF DELHI.

### LETTER I.

Camp, 7 miles from Meerut, May 28, 1857.

It did not take long to transport me from Meerut to this; the road was quite clear, and the villages are mostly deserted. The storm caught my tent as it was being hauled up, and broke the pole; it has been sent back to be mended. I am lucky to have Waterfield's\* tent to fall back upon.

The camp is in a little confusion to-day, but we shall soon get ship-shape. There was scarcely any rain here.

\* Lieutenant Waterfield, commissariat officer of the brigade.

## LETTER II.

Camp, Moradnugger, May 29.

YESTERDAY passed away without any striking event in our camp; but it was sufficient for the day to hear of poor General Anson's death. This melancholy event will not make any difference in our operations. General Barnard takes command of the force proceeding against Delhi, and the plans fixed upon will be carried out.

We dined at seven, rested till ten, and marched off at eleven. I went with the Brigadier\* and his staff. A squadron of Carabineers leads the way, then come four guns and the advance guard of the Rifles, and then the Staff. We had three short halts, and as many drinks and smokes. I rode chiefly with Johnson† and Waterfield; the night was cool, and I did not find it tiring.

We reached this a little before daylight; the baggage was close behind, and we were soon under cover. A number of men of the Rifles whistled marches and

\* Brigadier Wilson, now Sir Archdale Wilson, Bart., K.C.B., in command of the Meerut force, consisting of Scott's battery, 4 guns; Tombs' Troop, 2 18-pounders; 2 squadrons, Carabineers; 1 wing, 60th Rifles; 2 companies, Native Sappers; 50 troopers, 4th Irregulars.

† Assistant Adjutant-General of the force.

popular airs, as we went along, very well; and all are cheery.

We are perplexed at having no news from Agra; another post is come in without any. The heat is really of no consequence to men who can sit in their shirts; and to-day we are on the barest of plains. I had an hour's sleep this morning, and feel quite fresh. Waterfield is taking his turn now. I seem to have everything I want. I found myself lying by the side of the road, near Colonel Custance\*, this morning, waiting for daybreak. I hear of no adventures.

Keene reports all well from Dehra on the 25th. We hope to hear direct from General Barnard, through Bagput, in a day or two. I hope you have had no more Shumeeanuhs† falling on you, or other mishaps, and that your tent answers nicely.

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#### LETTER III.

Camp, Ghazeeudeen, May 30.

WE have made good our point without any molestation or annoyance.

\* In command of a detachment of the Carabineers.

† "Shumeeanuh," an awning generally used as a portico to a tent.



There was a report yesterday that a Nuwab, with 400 men and 6 guns, had been sent here from Delhi; so Hall\* was ordered on with his Irregulars, and found it was a mistake. It would have been such a judicious move, if supported by the whole force of the mutineers, that the question of meeting it was fully discussed, and the order of march was laid down, so that we should be free of the baggage if a night attack were attempted.

I think we shall do some good by taking up this position; we seem to have Delhi by the nose. I expect that a reconnaissance will be made to-morrow up to the banks of the Jumna. I believe the only idea the mutineers now have is to defend the Fort; I suppose it is the only plan on which they could agree.

I liked the Brigadier's way yesterday, when there appeared a chance of a fight; he was ready for anything and any numbers, and wished for nothing more.

Our tent is rather popular: the thermometer being not above 98°. At the present moment, Tombs†,

\* Captain Hall, in command of a detachment of the 4th Irregular Cavalry.

† Major Tombs, in command of troop, 2nd Brigade Horse Artillery, who, for his distinguished services, has been promoted to the rank of Colonel and a C.B.

Frith, and Elliot are all enjoying this delicious coolness, and chaffing away to their hearts' content. Waterfield had a long struggle with Morpheus last night: whether riding or walking, he could not keep his eyes open, and slept in every imaginable position. He has no time, poor boy, to take a comfortable nap during the day; and the time from dinner to the first trumpet, eight to ten, which should have been devoted to sleep, was broken by continued demands for this and that, of which I had the benefit, as I laid by him: so I must seek other quarters.

To-night we hope to have a good rest. These night marches are certainly fatiguing to the troops; and there was no whistling or singing last night.

I went to the Tuhseel \* office this morning; and the man who had been acting for the King of Delhi made over to me the money he had in the chest, and the sealed order he had received from the King: so I have good proof of Royal complicity.

There was an extract from a letter from Wilby †, dated 26th, from Agra, sent on by Major Reid.‡ All well with us.

\* The head-quarters of a Tuhseeldar, or Executive Revenue Officer.

† The author's brother, Lieutenant W. H. Greathed, of Engineers, Aide-de-camp to the Lieutenant-Governor, North-western Provinces.

‡ Commanding the Simoor Battalion of Goorkhas.

## LETTER IV.

Camp, Ghazeeudeen, May 30, 7 P.M.

You must be the first to hear that we have fought and won the battle of the Hinden.\*

The enemy came down about four o'clock; notice was brought by a picket of Irregulars beyond the bridge. They opened a fire from heavy guns posted on the causeway and on the ridge to the left of it; we replied from the 18-pounders, and the troop of Horse Artillery rattled to the right, supported by Carabineers, and the Rifles advanced on the bridge, crossed it, and were actively engaged. The Artillery plied with vigour, and Mackenzie† and Tombs crossed the Hinden on the right, and turned the left flank of the enemy, who on this commenced a retreat; some took refuge in a village, which was burnt; others were pursued by the Carabineers, and all their guns were taken and a quantity of entrenching tools.

Our chief loss was by the explosion of a cart full of ammunition left by the enemy near the toll-bar; a good many poor fellows in the Rifles were blown up,

\* A river intersecting the road between Meerut and Delhi.

† Lieutenant-Colonel M. Mackenzie, commanding 1st Brigade British Horse Artillery.

and I saw some wounded and killed near the village. I kept with the Brigadier, and saw it all well. De Bourbel\* is wounded in the right hand. Napier, of the Rifles, is wounded. Old "Bryan"† carried me famously, and pulled my fingers off. They are now bringing up the captured guns.

Waterfield is safe; and I hope I have mentioned all the casualties among the officers, but I must not be sure. It was a most signal defeat, and we may thank God for having allowed the infamous traitors to be so thoroughly punished by the Meerut force; we had a right to be first at them, and we have retrieved our honour.

You may now sleep in safety. I can see you and L. C. reading this letter, and exulting at the glorious result of the day. I saw Scott‡ and Elliot all safe after it was over. Innes§ had his horse killed. The troops are just arriving in camp amid cheers.

P.S.—Ask Turnbull to forward the pith of this to Mr. Colvin.¶ Write to Edward¶ and Wilby.

\* Lieutenant de Bourbel, Carabineers.

† His English horse.

‡ Artillery, and Commanding-Lieutenant, Field Battery.

§ Her Majesty's 60th Rifles.

¶ The Honourable Mr. Colvin, Lieutenant-Governor of Agra.

¶ The author's elder brother, Colonel Greathed, C.B., Her

## LETTER V.

Camp, Ghazeeudeen, May 31, 6 P.M.

WE have had another turn with the enemy. The alarm was first sounded about nine, and the troops turned out and went across the river, but it appeared false; at all events they did not show themselves. At twelve the alarm and assembly were again sounded, and a sharp cannonade proved that this time it was in earnest.

The enemy have again been fairly beaten, driven out of two villages, and forced to retire from ridge to ridge, and to disappear in the distance; but this time they kept their guns safe out of reach, and the heat prevented the Rifles from getting at them quickly, and it has been certainly a fatiguing day, there was so little water to be had; but the enemy have been again defeated, which is everything.

Perkins\* was killed: no other casualty. Post going out.

Majesty's 8th Foot, who soon after joined the camp before Delhi, in command of a detachment of his regiment, and after the capture of Delhi had command of a brigade sent in pursuit of the enemy, whom he signally defeated at Boolundshur and Agra.

\* Lieutenant H. G. Perkins, of the Horse Artillery.

## LETTER VI.

Camp, Ghazeeudeen, June 1.

I WROTE you a hurried account of yesterday's action. The enemy kept too much out of harm's way to allow our fellows to bring away any trophies, but they suffered as sound a defeat as could be wished, and we know now that they were sent out by the King, under great promise of reward, to wipe off the disgrace of the day before; so they cannot have met with a very pleasant reception on their return. Heavy firing was heard last night in Delhi, and to the north-east of it.

The troops suffered a good deal yesterday from the sun and thirst, and if the enemy pay us a visit again, we must allow them to come a little nearer. We are just as impregnable as if we were in Gibraltar, against all the forces Delhi can send against us.

The conduct of Tombs' troop yesterday was the admiration of every one; for a long time they were engaged on two sides with the enemy's artillery. Light\* then got his two 18-pounders down to the river bank, and drew off the fire upon himself, and paid it back with interest. Poor Perkins is very

\* Artillery.

much regretted: a cannon-shot struck him on the crown of the head; he was buried, with four fine fellows of the troop, this morning. Napier, who was by mistake reported killed on Saturday, lost his leg yesterday. Poor old "Bryan" is feeling the sun, and is off his feed. I have got back my pony—he will do for the march. I have not felt the sun and exposure the least, and never was better.

We had a good rest last night, and the fellows look fresh again. The camp is well supplied with provisions, but we must send to a distance for wood if we remain here much longer. We shall have the Goorkhas here soon, and they will be a very welcome accession to our force. The Sappers behaved admirably yesterday. I saw M'Neil \*, mounted on a 3rd Cavalry horse, which came over from the enemy. I hope his rider got his quietus.

The camp followers behaved better yesterday, and did not run off when the firing commenced. We keep a good look-out, and the approach to the bridge is fortified. The patrol sent up the Delhi road this morning met no one.

The peaches yesterday were a great treat: I sent half of them to the Brigadier's tent. Tell Mrs. Elliot that her husband's two guns contributed largely to

\* Lieutenant of Engineers.

yesterday's success; they kept constantly advancing up the Delhi road until we turned the enemy's position, and then his shrapnel drove them out of the village. On returning he had the post of honour in the rear guard, and kept the bridge during the night. His face wore the smile that becomes him so well. I happened to be with him during a considerable part of the action. Little Davidson\*, too, took his two guns into action on our right, in a most gallant manner; but the same praise may be given to all. There is no news of a renewal of the attack yet, and as a Shutur Sowar † is going in, I must close.

God protect you, my dearest: we have much to thank Him for. We have news of the Umballa force, and shall probably march to-morrow night; but I hope it may be delayed for a day or two. Möller has given me the parcel; many thanks for it.

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#### LETTER VII.

Camp, Ghazeendeen, June 2.

OUR post comes in regularly and safely. I am vexed with Golab ‡ for giving you such an unneces-

\* Also of the Horse Artillery.

† Shutur Sowar, or camel rider.

‡ The faithful servant, of whom such honourable mention is made in the Preface.



sary fright, and with myself for not giving you the key to the story.

The truth is, a grape shot grazed "Bryan's" right shoulder, the saddle flap, holster, and my leg; it has made a slight bruise. If I had been looking for a C. B. ship, I might have returned myself "slightly contused;" but it was hardly a severer tap than you could have given, if you had been very angry! "Bryan" is much better; the graze did not hurt him, but ~~he~~ felt the sun, and I have had to apply cold applications to his head. Another time I will not forget to mention every incident.

You have hardly understood, at Meerut, how complete our success was on the 31st: their guns escaped, as the fatigue prevented pursuit, but the enemy were driven from every position they took up, and at last went clean away, and never stopped till they got to Delhi. That is generally looked upon as a victory, and we have every reason to be proud of the day's work.

Tell Golab to send me horse-shoes for all my horses: I cannot get them here, but can get them put on by a farrier. Tombs has had two horses shot under him. He is a most gallant fellow. Dr. Moore (Carabineers) was wounded on the 31st. The wounded, and the captured guns, left yesterday

evening for Meerut. I hope the poor fellows will arrive safely. We had a quiet day yesterday, and have no information of the enemy's approach.

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## LETTER VIII.

Camp, Ghazeeudeen, June 2.

I SENT a hurried note by the Brigadier's Shutur Sowar this morning, and I must give another line to assure you that the enemy have not shown themselves again. We are, in all respects, prepared for them; but as they will be too wily to let us catch hold of their guns, fighting just now would be of little use, and we are glad to reserve ourselves for better occasions, having secured the honour of drawing first blood.

Phillips\* was close by poor Andrews† when the explosion took place, and escaped with hardly a bruise. The cart was exploded by a Havildar, named "Deveesing," of the 11th‡, firing into it. He was a man who had been pardoned and allowed

\* Lieutenant E. L. Phillips, 11th Native Infantry, doing duty with Her Majesty's 60th Rifles.

† 60th Rifles.

‡ The 11th Regiment of Native Infantry, which, with the other native regiments stationed at Meerut, mutinied.

to go on leave! After doing this mischief, he laid down as if he were dead. Dr. Biddle (Rifles) kicked him up, and some of the Rifles ran their bayonets through him. The Brigadier speaks most highly of Waterfield's exertions to supply the force. He has got a clerk now, and has less trouble.

The arrival of the wounded, and of the guns, will excite mixed feelings of commiseration and joy. I spoke to one poor fellow, who had his leg afterwards amputated; he was sitting on his horse, and declared it was a trifle. I cannot cease talking of the splendid behaviour of Tombs' troop: the gun carriages are pitted with grape and shot marks, and Tombs continues the same gentle modest fellow. He has lost, killed and wounded, thirteen men out of fifty, but the action of the troop never ceased for a moment. Colonel Mackenzie, too, has proved himself a splendid officer. Johnson was hit in the leg by a grape shot, but harder than I was, and he cannot mount his horse.

I am glad you have written to my mother: news will be devoured at home, and I think we shall all deserve well of our country for serving India under such circumstances. We feel quite safe about the Goorkhas: their grog-drinking propensities are a great bond with the British soldier.

## LETTER IX.

Camp, Ghazeudeen, June 3, 8 A.M.

I HAD another letter from Wilby this morning; he does not say anything more of coming, but I suppose it is settled. I am glad to hear from him that the story about the 10th Native Infantry is not true, and that matters are generally favourable below Allyghur.

I went over the battle-field yesterday with Waterfield and a number of officers. A party of our people were destroying the village of Urthula, on the left of the road over the bridge, to prevent the enemy from getting under cover in it, in case of another attack. The elephants were employed in pushing down the walls. The poor inhabitants are certainly to be pitied, but the destruction is a necessity: they were unluckily "Jāts," who are for the most part our friends. There were twenty-three of the enemy, all Sepoys, lying together in the ditch at the back of the village; they had been killed in a mass by a party of Rifles. There were several dead bodies outside, of the enemy who fell on the 31st; and Light, who went down the road with the patrol for three and a half miles, found dead bodies at that distance, and abandoned ammunition waggons blown

up or burnt. We could see Delhi plainly from the bridge occupied by our out-lying picket.

Our force is in excellent order, and really quite strong enough to advance to the walls of Delhi, and clear everything out of the way; but we shall require big guns to let us inside. I like Major Reid of the Simoor Battalion: he was at Bury's with me, but does not remember it; he was a tiny fellow, and always called "little Charlie Reid;" he is a smart officer, and his men like him. He is a brother of my poor friend George Reid. Phillips and Humphreys\* are complete riflemen, and Chambers† has donned the Carabineer uniform.

The videttes brought in word this morning at three, that they heard the sound of men entrenching themselves: the force got under arms, and a patrol scoured the front, and found it was a mistake. The Goorkhas were so delighted at the chance of getting a fight, that they threw somersets and cut capers. I must own I slept through the whole, and so did Waterfield.

\* Officers of the 11th Native Infantry.

† 11th Regiment, Native Infantry.

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## LETTER X.

June 3, 3 P.M.

WE have almost ceased to think about another attack, and look now to be allowed to choose our own time and place. No orders have been yet received regarding our line of march, and the Brigadier is anxious for a reply.

I have got back the gun I lent to Moore\*: Captain Dickson† found one of the Carabineers had it and brought it to me. He was in both actions; and in the pursuit of the 30th, his horse ran away and carried him into the midst of the fugitives far a-head of his troop; but he cut down two Sepoys, and was not hurt himself.

We get through the day pretty well: we breakfast at home, as the Artillery mess-tent is hot and dusty. There is generally enough to do to occupy the day even without a fight. No one really thinks of the heat, it is quite without consequence; the nights are quite cold, and I find Waterfield with nothing but his nose outside his blanket.

\* Late surgeon of the Carabineers.

† Also of the Carabineers.

## LETTER XL

Camp, Ghazeendeen, June 4.

I SEND my camel into Meerut, and I wish it to be kept there until Wilby arrives ; it may be useful to carry him or his servant, if he indulges in such an article.

I am sorry our plan of operations was not approved, but the Chief has no doubt good reasons for adhering to the plan for a junction at Bagput ; and in my cool judgment, I do not believe there is any danger from the enemy on this side now, except from fugitives, and fugitives will not approach the only place in the neighbourhood where they are sure to get hard knocks ; so reflection teaches me not to fear for Meerut. But I thought our operations against Delhi would be more complete if we kept both sides of the river. It will be a fine sight to see the Umballa force, and I am sure that the lessons the rebels have already received will not be lost upon them. Our cause is so just, and our success so necessary to the existence and furtherance, in this country, of all that is true and good, that we may invoke the blessing of God upon our exertions with singleness and sincerity ; and I commit myself, and

all that are dear to me, to His care and protection, with entire trustfulness.

We march at six this afternoon. I went to see the road this morning, and returned by Tombs' Ford: it was so fortunate he hit upon the spot, for the bed of the river up and down is full of quicksands.

How little we thought what was to happen in these scenes, when we strolled on the suspension bridge over the Hinden, last year. We expect to be at Bagput on the morning of the 6th, and your letters must in future be sent by that route. Old "Bryan" has got over his attack, and has recovered his appetite, and I intend to ride him this evening. I suppose we shall have a long halt in the middle of the night, and that plan is less fatiguing than starting at eleven, for the noise of the preparations does not allow much preliminary sleep.

Our commissariat is in better train now, and the men get good rations. The Goorkhas are in excellent spirits, and may, I am sure, be fully trusted. They luckily hate Sepoys, and treachery is not the crime of mountaineers. We have not seen a newspaper for an age, and I suppose you are in the same newsless state.



I am sorry to hear of Brigadier Halifax's death: he would have led his tigers (the 75th) well into action, and he leaves a large family. Johnson is in his saddle again. I do not hear of any one being ill. How fortunate it is that the body as well as the mind is strengthened in the hour of trial; but I am certain that a good cause is necessary to admit of such stimulus.

Thank L. C. for her letter: I should be fuller of anxiety for you, if you were not with such good and true friends. I will write to her again shortly. It is a great pleasure to me to find my letters afford you so much consolation and pleasure: it is no exertion to me to write, I do so with the tent full of people. We have had a good laugh at the discovery of Mrs. ——'s portrait on the body of a dead rebel. I may not be able to send a letter to-morrow, so do not be anxious.

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LETTER XII.

Camp, Khekurah, June 5.

WE left camp at half-past six, and drew up in battle-array on the picket ridge, while the baggage filed over the bridge, and took their position on our right flank. This occupied three hours, part of

which I believe was employed by the baggage people in plundering the village of Urthulla, through which they had to pass. It had been partly burnt during the engagement, and was, I suppose, considered public property by our light-fingered gentry. But of all robbers Jan Fishan's\* men are the worst; nothing comes amiss to them, public or private; and I had to squeeze them to make them disgorge a Carabineer's horse and accoutrements picked up in the battle.

When we got under weigh at eleven, it was found impossible to march in two columns on account of the ravines, so the baggage was made to follow the main body, with a strong rear-guard under Major Reid.

We had two short halts before we reached the Jumna Canal at two, and then halted till daybreak to allow the baggage to come up. Our route then laid for five miles up the canal bank, and the shade was very refreshing, but the bed was dry. We passed the pretty place and garden† we admired so much last February; it is ruined and desolate now, and nearly all the canal buildings are in the same state.

\* A pensioned Affghan chieftain, residing near Meerut, who raised a body of horse on the commencement of the disturbances, and performed excellent service.

† Surrowlee.

When we turned off the canal there were still three miles to Khekurah, which were hot for the infantry, and the rear is hardly in yet—one or two o'clock. It was a march of eighteen miles, which must be harassing in the best of weather and over the best of roads, and we are not fortunate in either point. The Brigadier came on because he heard a party of native allies had been sent here with thirty elephants to assist us.

We were fifteen hours from ground to ground, and the rear-guard much more; and the day's rations got in the rear, so there was trouble about the food, and Waterfield had to ride backwards and forwards a good deal, and has had hard work.

We march to-night at ten, and cross the bridge. I think I like that hour best, as one can dine later. I rode "Bryan" last night; he looks thin, but carried me well. The soda-water, peaches, and horse-shoes, all arrived in good time. The fruit was very nice this morning when I came in. As all my baggage is on camels I have not to wait long, and the servants are all behaving extremely well.

I have guaranteed the payment of 10,000 rupees to anyone who will destroy the Delhi Bridge so effectually as to stop the passage for five days.

I got a "Moffusilite" and a "Friend of In-

dia"\* yesterday, — the first seen. I feel sure the mutineers have too little combination to organise an attack in force on Meerut; it is too far off, and they run too much risk of being cut off by their friends as well as foes, I would rather certainly that we had our breasts to them and our backs to you, but I believe firmly you are safe from attack. I am sure my heart would throb if it were not quieted by my reason.

There has been no fighting on the other side yet, so we have all the glory to ourselves hitherto. We were not sorry to leave our last ground; we had been there six days, and the four last without excitement. Kind remembrances to all friends.

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## LETTER XIII.

Camp, near Bagput, June 6.

DEAR WILBY woke me out of an after-dinner nap last night: it was a great delight to see him again, and to hear *vivá voce* news of you. After his journey he was glad to get over his march in a "doolee."† It was an easy march, though the road was ravin and bad.

We crossed the Jumna Bridge at about one A.M.,

\* Indian newspapers.

† A kind of palankeen, or litter.

and slept like so many alligators on the sand till dawn, but without any one to fire at us from the other side. Waterfield makes over to me his green shawl to lie on, and my helmet makes an excellent pillow. I shall have to occupy a separate tent from him now, for I am formally attached to the General Commanding, and must be at head-quarters. I shall be sorry to part from him and several others of this camp, to whom I feel much attached. If trials have no other advantages they create friendships, and I used to think my day for forming fresh attachments was passed.

The Brigadier and I are to ride and drive over to the camp ahead this afternoon. Wilby has already preceded us; he will of course share my tent. Waterfield scarcely knows what will become of him. We expect the Meerut column will be broken up, and the component parts attached to the Infantry, Cavalry, and Artillery of the Umballa force. He will probably be appointed to the Commissariat charge of one of the divisions. Sir Theophilus Metcalfe is appointed my assistant, and his knowledge of Delhi will be very useful to me. I am sorry I could not serve Waterfield, for he has had enough of the Commissariat, but he has gained the good opinion of every one, from the Brigadier downwards.

I had a letter yesterday from Mrs. Probyn, inquiring after her sister, Mrs. Stewart, but it was dated the 21st. I hope she has heard direct in the interval. I, however, answered it. Captain Russell, in camp, saw her at Mussoorie on the 4th of May. I like him, and Barchard of the 20th; they are both the Brigadier's orderly officers.

We rendered the bridge over the Hinden impassable, and I offered 10,000 rupees for the destruction of the Jumna Bridge, on the night we left Ghazee, to such an extent as to render it impassable for five days. The reward will be 2000 rupees less each day, but I believe it will be attempted to-night: when we are once established at Delhi, we ought to be able to destroy it ourselves with a gun-boat, or fire-raft.

I see Mr. Colvin has printed my private account to him of the engagement of the 30th. I am very sorry to hear of poor Fletcher Hayes' death: he deserved a better fate. I think we are going to have a storm, for it is cool outside, and sultry inside the tent, and there was much lightning last night. Captain Hodson has reconnoitred up the Delhi race-course. Some few horsemen retired when they saw him.

Thanks for offering "Saladin,"\* but I can get on

\* An Arab, my riding horse.

very well by taking care of "Bryan," I hope. He is a wonderful good horse for night riding; he steps so cleverly, and has quite cured himself of his dislike of camels.

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## LETTER XIV.

Camp, Alleepore, June 7.

WE had a tempestuous ride from Bagput to this, last evening. A violent gale of wind and rain caught us first on the right side, from the north-west, and, after a lull, came at us again on our left; so we were pretty well drenched when we reached the carriage sent out for us some five miles up the trunk-road, and it was dark and wet when we got to camp.

The first voice I heard was Shute's\*; and, having some dry clothes, I soon was on my way to the Artillery mess, who were very glad to see the men of Ghazeeudeen. They are proud that their commandant† won the first fight. I then went to the General's, who is extremely courteous and hospitable, and I slept under his shumeenanah. I have now got my own tent up, near his, and have a free invitation to breakfast and dinner. The panoply of tents and

\* Assistant Quartermaster-General of the Army.

† Sir Archdale Wilson.

equipage surprises one after the Spartan simplicity of the Meerut camp; and I do not feel so much part and parcel of the force as when with our Brigadier. I miss seeing many I liked; but all are very kind, and I meet many I know, and Wilby is with me, though I have hardly felt that yet, he has been so much away. Colonel Curzon\* is hardly recognisable, he looks so very much better. I have seen Becher† and Welchman‡, and several others. The force is in great spirits, and awaits anxiously the order for attack; and our next move must bring us under the walls of Delhi.

The Meerut troops came in this morning, and the jaunty step with which the Rifles marched in was much admired. I am afraid it is hopeless to find out the youngster you and L. C. shook by the hand. I hope he was not sent back with the company that returned from Ghazee; but the youngest soldiers were, I think, selected to return, as not being so inured to fatigue. It would spoil the romance of the adventure.

I find Metcalfe here: he says he is well enough to carry on work, and I shall find him useful. Water-

\* Quartermaster-General of Queen's troops and Military Secretary.

† Quartermaster-General of the Army.

‡ Commanding 1st Bengal Fusileers.



field is placed in commissariat charge of a Brigade, consisting of the Rifles, 2nd Fusileers, and Goorkhas. Major Thompson is the head of the Department; so he will have ready assistance. I had a letter from Edward, of the 1st of June: he had got orders to return to his regiment, and was on the point of starting. Wilby's things have not arrived; and he expected them yesterday afternoon: I hope they may still turn up.

There is a perceptible difference in the taste of the water on this side the river. I have put "Bryan" under the bow of the tent—for there are no trees available; and he looks happier than out on the plain.

I hope you continue to bear up against the heat, and that you have a ride occasionally, to rouse your spirits. Has anybody ventured to the hills yet? My last from you was brought by Wilby. I hope to hear in the course of the day. Hearing from you, and writing to you, are my best enjoyments. I have just missed seeing Tom.\* I am glad you will have him at Meerut. Being with doubtful troops, he does not miss much. Give him my love. I am glad to find here a native named Rujjab Ullee, who was George Clerk's† head moonshee: he had been pen-

\* Cornet T. M. Turner, 4th Light Cavalry.

† Sir G. R. Clerk, K.C.B., formerly the Governor-General's Political Agent for the Seikh States.

sioned, and had been living in retirement ; but being sent for he came at once. He is a first-rate man. The camp is very large and well formed ; and we have certainly a very perfect force, and unusually strong in Artillery.

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## LETTER XV.

Camp, Delhi Cantonments, June 8.

WE fought our way to Delhi this morning, accomplishing everything that was proposed, capturing twelve guns and routing the enemy. The action began a little after daylight, when we got within gunshot of Badlee Serai. Light, Kaye, and Fagan\*, with four heavy guns, bore the brunt for some time until the brigade of Infantry came up and got into line. The fire was very heavy, but our Infantry advanced on the position, and the Artillery and Cavalry took it in flank, and after a severe contest the enemy fled, and we advanced without further opposition to the Delhi Parade Ground. The enemy then opened from the ridge behind cantonments ; they were attacked by two columns, the right advancing through Subzehmundee, and the left through

\* All Bengal Artillery.

cantonments. Wilby was with the former and I with the latter, and we were glad to see each other again at Hindoo Rao's house, where the two columns met after scouring the ridge and driving off the enemy. It was over by half-past nine, and we did an excellent day's work. We are now within gunshot of the town, and the siege commences. Our camp is to be pitched on the Parade Ground, which is out of shot. Colonel Chester was killed, Captain Russell wounded. Poor little Davidson burnt by blowing up of tumbril. Light was slightly wounded: he behaved splendidly.

Our camp is not yet up; we are in a hospital near the ridge, and have had a scratch breakfast. Waterfield is exerting himself to get supplies. He was ordered not to go into action, but found an opportunity to get under fire. I saw the first and last shot fired. General Reed arrived just as we were starting, but left the command to General Barnard.

Johnson, who is standing by, begs his kind regards. My love to L. C.

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#### LETTER XVI.

Camp, Delhi Cantonments, June 9.

WE are all well and fresh again. Yesterday was fortunately very cool, and the men did not suffer as

they did on the 31st, and we did an immense deal, much more than the enemy anticipated, for they had but incompletely destroyed the bridges over the canal, and had not constructed any new defences on the ridge. All yesterday they continued firing at intervals with a 24-pounder from a bastion at our pickets on the ridge, and made a sally about four P.M.; but they did no damage either way.

To-day we have a large howitzer in position which commands the bastion, and the firing has slackened. In the meanwhile our siege preparations are going on, but you must not expect to hear of Delhi being taken like a pinch of snuff; batteries must be pushed forward, and one of the gates taken.

General Reed arrived at Alleepore just as we were moving off; he refused to deprive General Barnard of the command, and the army before Delhi is glad to continue under his command. Yesterday raised him in estimation. He is the perfection of courtesy, and very cool under fire. The Guides came in this morning, and are a most important addition to our force. What would I not give if poor Fred.\* had been with them. We are to have some Seikh troops, and I

\* The late Lieutenant F. M. Turner, Adjutant and Commandant of Cavalry of the Guide Corps.

should not be surprised if the 8th Regiment were ordered down.

My tent is in inglorious safety near the General's, and my occupation as a combatant is almost gone. Waterfield is in my tent, very well. Dunlop\* will be here in a day or two; I will send him over to Meerut. God bless you.

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#### LETTER XVII.

Camp, Delhi Cantonments, June 10.

THE latest letter I have had from you is the 7th, and there is nothing fresher from Meerut, and I fear the Bareilly mutineers may have intercepted the post while they are awaiting the turn of affairs at Delhi. I hope they will give due importance to our victory on the 8th and go home; but if they do not do that, I wish them safe in Delhi. I have sent my account of that action direct to Edward, as I am no longer sure of the post to Meerut being safe; but the news brought by Dunlop of an insurrection at Julundhur†, endangers that line also. We are certainly encompassed on all sides with dangers, but by the blessing of God we will make our way through them.

\* The magistrate of Meerut, on leave.

† A station in the Punjab.

You must not be too impatient at the slowness of our further progress; but battering takes time, and there is much to be done. You must console yourself with the reflection that we have been hitherto successful in every action, and that much has already been done.

Dunlop came in this morning: he will leave this evening for Meerut if he can get a horse. I shall be glad to have him back again; for though Turnbull has behaved admirably, Dunlop will be more readily obeyed, and knows more of the district.

My mother's letter reached me just before we left Allepore, and Wilby read it too: I do not think any less interesting missive would have been opened at such a time. I had been sitting with poor Chester and Russell for some time before we started. They were killed by the same shot in the commencement of the action. We heard from George Harvey\*, who was about thirty-five miles on the Agra side of Delhi. The Bhurtpore forces had retreated into their own territory; they have no idea of acting against us, but do not relish any hard service. A party of Jheend Horse, under Hodson, did good work on the 8th, and their bloody sabres showed they did not strike in vain. General Reed's arrival

\* Commissioner of Agra, accompanying auxiliary troops.

has made no difference in camp; he is too ill to do anything. Waterfield often drops into my tent, and I sat by him yesterday at the Artillery mess: he is getting more accustomed to his work, and having Colonel Thompson to consult, has less trouble. They received to-day a large supply of commissariat stores from Meerut. All that arrived too late at Ghazeeudeen were plundered. I am afraid Wilby's bed has shared the same fate. The General, and Captain Lowe, the Aide-de-camp, aid him with clothes.

I seem to have everything I want, and never expected to be so comfortable in a small tent on the 10th of June. It is so hazy to-day that the walls of the city can hardly be seen from our batteries, and there is not much firing. Metcalfe is looking much better: he had great adventures in his escape.

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#### LETTER XVIII.

Camp, Delhi Cantonments, June 11.

I MAY now own I wrote yesterday in much anxiety about you. I had a report from the Cotwal\* at Bagput on the 9th, stating as a bare fact that the Bareilly Native Regiments, Infantry and

\* The chief of the Police.

Cavalry, were encamped at the Sooruj Khoond \*; and there was nothing later from Meerut than the 7th. But I got a letter yesterday from Turnbull dated the 9th, disproving the report; and to-day I received yours of the 8th, written before you heard of the victory, which the booming of heavy guns had announced.

You were right in supposing we had taken possession of the ridge, but the heavy fighting was at Badlee Sarai; and it was their over-confidence at being able to stop us there, that led them to take such inadequate measures for the defence of the canal cut and ridge, and this gave us an easy success when once their first position was forced. The mortar shelling has made them feel uncomfortable in the town, and they have no means of answering us with those missiles, which must be aggravating. Their howitzer practice is very good, but our people are on the look-out in the batteries, and the only two casualties that occurred yesterday (two gunners of Tombs' troop) were owing to personal carelessness.

Poor little Davidson will recover, I am glad to say, and is now free from pain; he suffered terribly

\* Adjoining the Meerut Cantonments.



at first. Quintin Battye, of the Guides, has died of his wounds; he is much regretted. The Guides distinguished themselves very much. A Soobahdar sabred a man of the 3rd Cavalry, jerked him off his horse, and sprung from his own saddle into that of his late enemy, as he thought he would profit by the change of horses. Our firing from the ridge has not had much positive effect, and that was not to be expected; but it has shown the position of the enemy, and the plan of attack can be made now with good information, and we have made some good practice.

It is singular how soon one gets accustomed to the sound of heavy guns; it hardly now excites a remark in camp. Only those on duty go into the batteries; any amateur who chanced to be hit would be thought an ass. It was different in the advance of the army at Ghazeendeen; I felt myself quite one of the force.

I have dined the last two nights at the Artillery mess; the Meerut fellows mess separately from the Umballa men, so it is the old party. Tombs, Johnson, Frith, and the Brigadier, are all my good friends, but I am most intimate with the two first. We dine together at the same table; there are four or five. The general dines at six, which is just my bathing time, so I get late for his dinner. He is a charm-

ingly courteous man. Hodson's horse kicked him violently on the leg, and even that did not discompose him. Young Barnard is a sharp fellow; he began life in the navy; and I like Curzon, Lowe, and Turnbull.\* I breakfasted there, and met Colonel Seton this morning, fresh in from Rohtuck.

The 60th mutinied yesterday. One looks upon the Native Infantry regiments as so many nine-pins made to be bowled over. Mr. Colvin writes that, on hearing of the disturbances at Barrackpore, the 7th Fusileers, the 88th, and 2nd battalion of Rifles were ordered at once to India. Some will be wanted in Bombay; but I hope it may please God to give us a crowning victory here; that will allay the disaffection. Wilby is in high demand here; he is very active in the field, and his counsels as an engineer are attentively listened to. I am so sorry to hear about the loss of his things, and of the capture of the poor tailor.

It is only in bivouac that I am reduced to the shawl and helmet. I have got my cot and pillow in camp. I have got a choga† to put over me when it gets cold, which it does quite seriously towards morning. I hope to hear of Tom in your next letter.

\* Aide-de-camp.

† A cloak of camel's hair.

Thirty of his men deserted, they say, between Bagput and Meerut. It was a blessing to have your fond wishes and prayers for our safety at the very moment we were in the thick of the danger.\* The 75th suffered heavily,—nineteen killed and forty-three wounded. They attacked the battery in front instead of in reverse; but they did their work gallantly.

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## LETTER XIX.

Camp, Delhi Cantonments, June 12.

YOUR ears must be constantly regaled by the sound of heavy guns, for our mortars have been disturbing the slumbers of the Delhi garrison and citizens for the last two nights, and the heavy guns play by day. Their fire exasperated the rebels, and induced them to make a serious attack upon our position this morning—with the usual result, but with greater discomfort, for being the assailants, they had to come to closer quarters, and they paid dearly for their temerity. Some 500 of them were killed, above 100 corpses were counted in one garden, and of course some must have got away wounded. The action raged all along the ridge, but the principal fighting was on

\* At Badlee Serai.

our right flank, of which I was a spectator from the inner picket hill. Wilby was in the thick of it: he is one of the foremost in council and in the field.

You may feel assured we are now approaching the climax, and we may fervently hope for a decided and final victory being vouchsafed to us. It is impossible that such repeated victories can fail to dispirit the mutineers; they find themselves beaten in defence and in attack, and have incurred sensible losses in men, guns, and material. When the fight was over, Waterfield, who was with me on the mound, came to my tent, and we breakfasted together. Wilby came in late, and had an engagement with the General.

Captain Knox, of the 75th, was killed. I have not heard of any other casualty among the officers, and the total loss of killed and wounded on our side was thirty to forty. They have mounted to-day one of the 24-pounders taken from the enemy, and are returning to them the shot they have themselves fired, which have been picked up in the field. The Goorkhas, Guides, Sappers, and Native Irregular Cavalry, have all behaved extremely well; and a company of the 3rd Native Infantry, which had come down with stores, and had been disarmed yesterday

on account of the regiment having mutinied\*, were looking on from the mound with every interest in our success. To complete the paradox, the insurgents are using the very cartridges they have rebelled about.

It is said that Neville Chamberlain will be the new Adjutant-general. Brigadier Wilson might have had the post, but he would not accept it.

The post from Meerut is slow : the latest from you is of the 8th, but I have had a letter from Turnbull, by Sowar, of the 10th, and know you are all safe. It is a mercy the nights are so cold, they refresh the men, and enable them to defy the heat of the day. We have had no post to-day, and a newspaper has become a great rarity. I place mine in the General's tent : no one else seems to get any.

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#### LETTER XX.

Camp, Delhi Cantonments, June 13.

I HAVE now got all your letters up to the 11th. I wish I had more important news to send you in return by Turnbull's special messenger : I thought

\* At Phillour, some time after the departure of the company which had the entire charge of a valuable convoy for a distance of 200 miles, and faithfully performed its duty.

there might have been ; but we must still exercise a little patience, and be content with to-day being like yesterday, barring the fight in the morning.

I went up to the top of the Flagstaff Tower this morning : it commands a fine view of the city and river, and makes one long the more to be inside the walls. I dined at the Rifles' yesterday evening ; they are nearer to the head-quarter camp now than the Meerut Artillery, for we have shifted our ground to a more secure position. The first was open to spent round shot, and assailable in flank and rear.

The Rifles were all jolly ; Innes and Williams as merry as crickets : their men had done very well in the morning, and only seven men had been wounded. Young Curtis got a shot between the arm and side, which took a bit out of each, but has not done any serious harm ; it was fired point blank at him by a Sepoy quite close, but the Sepoy and some fifty others with him were all shot and bayonetted. I was sorry to see some of the 4th Irregular Cavalry \* out against us, and still more that a belief that they were Hall's party prevented the two guns posted on the inner picket from opening on them. It would be better, too, if our Infantry fought in red coats ; in their

\* They had previously gone over to the enemy, whilst part of the regiment was in action on our side under Captain Hall.

shirts it is difficult to distinguish them from Sepoys at a distance. Wilby's two coats have arrived just in time, for his only other was in shreds. I have given general notice of the "Shutur Sowar" going into Meerut to all the Meerut men: to the best of my belief they are all hearty; but we are scattered in camp, and do not see each other so constantly.

I have seen nothing of the Carabineers for some days. Major Scott is highly thought of everywhere, and is an excellent officer; in fact the Meerut Artillery could not be surpassed. We have a fine set of young Engineer officers, who are ready for anything, but the selection of the Chief Engineer was a mistake. Poor Lock\* has been driven away from Rohtuck for a second time by the mutiny of the 60th; he has not a farthing or a thing to his name.

There was a story that Loodianah had been sacked, and Ricketts† wounded by the Jullundhur mutineers. It was disproved by the receipt of a letter from himself: the mutineers crossed further down, and are marching by Hissar to Delhi. I trust they will find the place in our hands. Our fellows are quite ready for the attack. I heard one man say,

\* Civil Service, Collector and Magistrate.

† G. Ricketts, Civil Service, Deputy-Commissioner.

"What is the use of this firing? only let us in and we'll roust them out."

I am glad you have Tom with you. I cannot wish him here, with such a dubious set of fellows at his back. I met Light last night; he thought there was to be some hard work, and he shook me warmly by the hand at parting, and said, "You know my people; if anything happens to me, write to them."

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## LETTER XXI.

Camp, Delhi Cantonments, June 14.

WATERFIELD has arranged to send a "Shutur Sowar" off daily at 2 P.M.; and you had better write by the return; we shall then be independent of the slow post.

I am glad my letters corrected ——'s reports of our position and progress; he would make a good Guerilla chief, but is hardly fitted by nature to judge of the more deliberate operations of an army, on which so much depends. I do not say we might not have got on quicker, but if the plan of the 12th had been carried out, there would have been no complaint of slowness. Wilby was the principal concocter of it, and success would have gained him a magnificent reputation. It was a great disappoint-



ment to be defeated in our own camp by the obtusity of one individual; but I suppose that plans which require secrecy, and cannot be explained to everyone, are liable to be defeated in this way. But there is no discouragement, now the first feeling of vexation has passed away, and Wilby's head is again at work. It is "*le dernier pas qui coûte*" in this case, and every eventuality requires to be considered. The General's privy council is formed of the most forward men in the army; so that if matters go on slowly, you and others must take it for granted there is a reason for it.

The enemy came out yesterday; they had some new arrivals from Oude, whom they wished to introduce to us: it did not last long, and they were driven back with some loss. That naughty boy Tombs, having been just relieved from battery duty, must needs run a mile after them with the Guides, potting with a carbine; his excuse was he wanted to see how the Guides fight. They had another officer, young Kennedy, wounded, which is a pity. They are excellent soldiers, and I wish we had more of them.

There is no doubt about a wing of the 8th coming down, and also a wing of the 61st Queens and some Punjab regiments. It was a mistake not to send

more foot-artillery to work the heavy guns. "Light's militia" (the Meerut recruits) work very well, and are becoming good gunners, but more are wanted.

The enemy are out of fuses for their shells, and use portfires. They must see the prospect of a collapse when their munitions of war fail them. It is a comfort to think their muskets will be useless, when their present supply of percussion caps fail them. I look upon their cause as utterly desperate, and India will be all the better behaved for our having to reconquer our own provinces, or rather to *conquer*, for the people never felt our power. The Punjab, which is a vanquished country, is much more loyal now than Hindostan ever has been.

We have several Seikhs in camp, and they are as cheerful and jolly as our own fellows, and I always get on good terms with them, as they see I know their country. We see or hear nothing of General Reed. I wish I could say the same of a horse he has just bought, picketted close by ; it has been roaring for the last two hours.

I saw Hills yesterday for the first time since we crossed ; he had been making some good mortar shots. They have got a howitzer fixed on the ground, which throws shells into the palace.

## LETTER XXII.

Camp, Delhi Cantonments, June 15.

YOU will be tired to hear of the daily actions, and look upon them as sham fights. There was one this morning; it was due last night according to report, but it did not begin till after sunrise. There was a sharp attack on the picket at Metcalfe's house, and Wilby got down with reinforcements in the nick of time, and rattled the "Pandeas"\* out of the grounds. The attack on the right, on Hindoo Rao's house, was also lively; but we have two 18-pounders now mounted on the inner picket hill, which discomposed them, and then the Goorkhars, and two guns under Elliot, drove them off.

The enemy have lost Ullee Khan, their chief commander; he died suddenly last night, and their head gunner, "Kalee Khan," is too unwell for duty, and has lost his son. I do not think the position and strength of the enemy will be improved by the delay that attends our operations. They only acquire numbers, and there is a jealousy between the old and new mutineers; the former are gorged with

\* The distinctive name of a class of Brahmins, which entered into the regular regiments, adopted since the outbreak as synonymous with "mutineer."

plunder, and think they have done enough, and wish to leave the hard work to the new arrivals, but have no inclination to give them a share of the spoils. The Rifles say it is scarcely worth while to kill the new Pandeers, they have nothing about them. One of them found eighty-seven gold mohurs on one of the enemy, and several good prizes have been made. Our shelling too has given them uncomfortable sensations, and the greasy citizens feel seriously the inconvenience of the presence of the mutineers.

We, on the other hand, are certain of reinforcements, which will place success beyond all doubt. The whole of the 8th, a wing of the 61st, Olphert's troop, and four of the excellent Punjab Regiments, are on their way, and the work of mischief, attendant on the rebellion, has attained its acmé. These are the arguments used by Slow and Sure; what is said by Slap, Dash, and Co. you can readily imagine. I cannot cease regretting that the well conceived scheme of the 12th was marred; but it seems very difficult to renew a plan of surprise that has miscarried, for the secret is out.

I have just received yours of the 14th up to half-past two. I long for the day I may see you again; though as long as this work is going on, you would not, I am sure, wish me to wish myself back.

Wilby has a cold on the chest : he sends you his best love. Is it not singular that all three of us should meet under the walls of Delhi ? I am glad Edward is to have this chance of seeing service.

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## LETTER XXIII.

Camp, Delhi Cantonments, June 16.

YOUR letter of the 13th, enclosing one from Edward, came yesterday evening, and I send you a later one from him : he must, ere this, be on his way from Jullundhur, with the head-quarters of his regiment. We have heard of General Grant \* being appointed Provisional Commander-in-Chief.

No one seems to have thought that the guns at the disposal of the mutineers are 24-pounders, and that the 18-pounders we brought with us were not likely to silence them ; and it is for this reason our approach to the town is rendered so difficult. There was certainly an entire miscalculation of the power of resistance afforded to the rebels by their command of the Delhi arsenal.

I think you will do very well to take up your

\* Lieutenant-General Sir Patrick Grant, K.C.B., in command of the Madras army.

quarters permanently in the barrack ; it will be more comfortable than remaining on in tents, and I cannot apprehend any danger. How little did we think, six weeks ago, that you would be occupying a barrack room by preference. To me, the value and importance of luxuries and comfort appear to diminish as they are further from reach, and I cannot conceive people not making up their minds to any mode of life that is imposed upon them. I feel confident we shall enjoy all the more whatever moderate means we have in England after such a lesson.

I dined with the General last night, as a council and reception of the Jheend Raja deferred the hour till seven. To-night I go to "Meerut," which means the Meerut Artillery Mess, in contradistinction to the Umballa Artillery, who are a luxurious set of fellows, indulging in table cloths, &c.

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LETTER XXIV.

Camp, Delhi Cantonments, June 17.

YOUR letter of yesterday has come in in time to be acknowledged before the Shutur Sowar goes out. I shall miss my treat before going to bed to-night, as I have generally found your letter on return from mess.

All the men in military command are in favour of waiting for reinforcements; and I find myself persuaded that the time is gone by for what we expected to have done on the night of the 12th. The enemy have got wind of what was meant, which is no wonder, as the Rifles, in the performance of their part, had actually got within four or five hundred yards of the city wall. They were not seen at the time, which shows how off their guard the insurgents were, but they must have heard of it next day; and a desperate daring attack is likely to succeed better when the men who have to carry it out have not too much time to think and talk it over. Wilby had chosen for himself one of the most hazardous posts in the attack. General Barnard thinks highly of him, and has told me so more than once.

I do not pretend to attach more importance to the delay than it deserves, but one would like to have taken Delhi, and to have taken it dashinglly, and to have put a stop to the horrors that are going on. But here we are in camp, as secure against assaults as if we were in Delhi, and the mutineers outside. The meanest camp follower does not turn from his occupation while a sharp firing is rattling along the ridge; he knows the enemy cannot pass it. So our position cannot be considered despicable, and we are

solely detained by fortifications we have ourselves made formidable, and by guns and implements of war of our own collection. It is obvious to every one that the walls and magazine of Delhi alone support the insurrection, and that it has no vital strength.

I have heard from Campbell.\* The first aspect of Bagput did not please him over much, and no wonder. I will ask him to come over here for a day. We all feel he is of great use, though he will have little to do, but we can now depend upon hearing all that goes on about Bagput, and the local officers will exert themselves more in collecting supplies, and the communication with Meerut will be safer.

It was very bold of you galloping down to the Cavalry lines without escort, but I should trouble any one to catch you. There was a story here that a shot had been fired at some one on the Mall, and Light said, "They must be better marksmen than these Pandeas to hit Mrs. — galloping down the Mall." I am sorry to hear of poor Gough being ill, all alone at Haupper. Wilby had fever last night, but is better to-day: he has a bad cough and is weak, though jolly. He congratulates himself there has been no fighting since Monday.

\* J. S. Campbell, Civil Service.



The enemy are erecting a battery on our right, which Wilson looks lovingly upon, being determined to make it his own as soon as it is worth winning. I have secured the loan of poor Colonel Chester's single-poled tent, and have made over the "Swiss Cottage" \* to "Bryan;" so master and horse are well lodged. I really feel no inconvenience, and the "Mussuck" † at six, is an inappreciable luxury.

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LETTER XXV.

Camp, Delhi Cantonments, June 18.

I WROTE hurriedly yesterday to save the post, having had a good deal of public writing in the morning. We were put into good spirits at sunset yesterday by learning that a force under Tombs' command had inflicted a most shameful defeat on the enemy, who had come out in strong force, with the view of erecting batteries and establishing themselves on the flank of Hindoo Rao's house, the key of our position. They had been seen at work at the Eedgah ‡ in the morning, and were detected during the day erecting batteries, in a position that would have

\* Tent.

† Or skin of water, affording a rude douche bath.

‡ Mahomedan place of worship.

rendered Hindoo Rao's untenable. So two columns were formed: one under Tombs, consisting of part of the Rifles and 1st Europeans, four guns, and Guide Cavalry; and the second under Reid, with the Goorkhas and some Rifles.

Reid attacked Teleewara, and Tombs the new battery and the Eedgah. The battery had not been armed, but it was demolished; and he then pressed on to the Eedgah, driving the enemy through a succession of gardens. On emerging from them he found himself, with 25 men, mixed Rifles and 1st Europeans, and 200 of the enemy's horse drawn up in line,—5 or 6 more men had joined him—when the Sowars charged upon this knot of men, and to their eternal shame were sent to the right about by a single volley at fifty yards, and never seen again. He then blew open the gate of the Eedgah and set fire to everything combustible, blew up the ammunition, and captured a 9-pounder, the only gun they had brought out. Reid's column put the enemy to flight out of Teleewara, and killed about 100. Our loss was 3 killed, and 8 wounded. Tombs was joyfully welcomed by the General when he came to make his report, and it was then seen that a bullet had cut his arm; but he would take no notice of it. He had also two horses wounded under him, making five in all

since the fighting began. We are all very proud of him, but nothing can make him vain. He speaks with the greatest contempt of the Pandeas: the ground was so strong that 100 resolute men, he says, might have held it against an army. I hope this action may expedite our operations: it affords a strong argument in favour of bold attacks.

I do not think there is the slightest fear of mines: such work requires secrecy to succeed; and as they have no head whom they obey, all their plans have to be discussed by numbers, and we have pretty good information of what they are about.

A convoy of wounded men is going to Meerut this evening: they are almost the only inmates of the hospitals. There is wonderfully little sickness.

There have been some disturbances at Cawnpore, but we do not know the result. An unlucky round shot from the city glanced off a rock into the back of Hindoo Rao's house yesterday, and killed Lieutenant Wheatly, 54th, two Carabineers, and four Goorkhas. It was very unfortunate the poor fellows were asleep. The quinine has got into Wilby's head, but he is better. Hodson is laid up in the same way with cold on his chest and fever.

June 18, 3 P.M.

I will only just acknowledge your letter of yester-

day, which has just come in, and reserve the pleasure of replying to it till to-morrow. I saw Major Scott yesterday—all well. Elliot seems perpetually in the Batteries: they say he delights in the duty; and it must be very interesting to watch the shells. The Batteries are now quite safe, and no casualties occur in them.

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## LETTER XXVI.

Camp, Delhi Cantonments, June 19.

YESTERDAY was a quiet day, and there is no demonstration to-day on the part of the enemy. All accounts agree that the mutineers are much disheartened, and the new comers cannot relish the aspect of affairs. I hope the Jullundhur party will be intercepted by a detachment from this camp. In the meanwhile Brigadier Wilson is pushing out his batteries, and our Rifles will soon be firing into the embrasures of their bastions; so the pear is ripening. Tombs has to keep his arm in a sling, but continues on duty, and ready for another victory.

We are expecting some of the Jeipore chiefs to-day, deputed from the Raja's army, which occupies the Agra road, about forty miles from Delhi. They sent in a messenger last night with letters from

George Harvey, and Captain Eden, the political agent : they are all well, but badly off for beer and tobacco, the crying wants of the day, and Harvey appears to have lost all his clothes. We cannot ask them to come nearer, for these Native State Forces are not made of the stuff to face 24-pounders.

It is a great reflection on Rajpootana that the mutineers from Nupeerabad have been allowed to pass through the states, and enter Delhi. They have brought with them a horse battery, the one that was at Jullalabad, the guns of which are decorated with a mural crown. Lord Ellenborough issued an order that this noble company of Artillery should never be separated from these particular guns. I hope before long the guns will be in our camp, and the gunners in another world. The shocking massacres at Bareilly and Shahjehanpore bring the last drop of the milk of human kindness out of one's heart. Our poor people at Jhansi have been slaughtered. I hear few or no complaints about anything in camp. Men talk dreamily about their reminiscences of England, and wonder when they will be revived, but no one wishes himself elsewhere at the present moment. Our nights are quite cool, and the heat in tents is nothing to signify during the day; but the batteries on the rocky ridge must be furnaces, and I

do not wonder at men who have to go through the heat and toil of the day having a grumble on paper.

I hope the detachment sent to Haupper will give a good account of the Bolundshur rascals if they venture to advance. Our reinforcements will commence to come in on the 25th, so we have still some time to get through. The fall of Delhi will probably hush up the sedition; but it is evident troops do not wait for certain news of our operations before mutinying, and that even the taking of Delhi, at the earliest date since our arrival, would not have prevented some of the outbreaks.

Did you never hear from Annie? \* Of course, now it is hopeless to look for Calcutta news. Give my best love to dear Ellen † and her children; I trust they are all well. What a treat it will be to see them all again! but we must finish our work first, before we can hope to taste of such pleasures. I thank you, my dearest, for all your patience and endurance; it is the greatest comfort to me to know you play your part so well.

Scott was dining at mess last night, and I saw Elliot cantering off to his beloved battery. I did not know yesterday he had had such a narrow escape

\* Mrs. Edmonstone.

† Mrs. French.

when that unhappy shot killed so many. I had expected Campbell to-day, but Mr. Lewin is ill. Wilby is better. God bless you.

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## LETTER XXVII.

Camp, Delhi Cantonments, June 20.

CAMPBELL\* has just brought in the unwelcome news that the Bagput Bridge has been destroyed by a horde of insurgents. It is a grievous occurrence; for although the bridge must have broken up in a few days when the river rises, if we had held the ferry we should still have been in direct communication with Meerut. We must now be content to correspond by Kurnaul, or by Umballa and Seharunpore, until we force open a direct communication through Delhi. Campbell wrote repeatedly to me for reinforcements of infantry and guns, and being sensible of the importance of the post in every way, I spared no pains to get them, and only yesterday wrote I would not be responsible for the consequences if they were not sent. But as the Umballa people have their base on Kurnaul, and few relations with Meerut, I failed in my object. Ge-

\* J. Scarlet Campbell, Civil Service.

neral Barnard was willing to accede to my wishes, but the Quartermaster-General overbore him, and it ended by an Engineer officer being ordered to Bagput yesterday evening to report on the condition of the defences. I am very much vexed. I should have been so even if I had not you to think of, for it is such an object in a public point of view to have a direct communication with Meerut.

There was some hard fighting last evening: a force, consisting principally of the Nusseerabad mutineers, with the Horse Battery, marched round to our rear, vowing to do great things. The contest lasted till after dark, when the enemy withdrew; at daybreak a detachment went out from camp, and secured one of the battery guns and three waggons, and another gun is reported to be lying in a field. After their return the enemy appeared again, so they had to go out again, and drove them clear away: they suffered a heavy loss in killed. We lost Major Yule, of the 9th Lancers, killed; Colonel Becher and Major Daly, wounded. The axle of one of our gun carriages belonging to Turner's troop broke, but the gun and all the useful parts of the carriage were brought away. The attack was a bold one, and obstinately persisted in; but it was not supported, fortunately, as it should have been, by an attack in front; and I believe there



is a split between the old and new mutineers on the point of fighting, and the latter were left to their own resources, as they reproached the former with want of courage. We have now two 18-pounders in a position that commands all the approaches from the rear.

Campbell could bring nothing with him, and is lucky to have got here safe. As soon as he sees his way he had better return to Meerut, by Paneeput and Shamlee. Having nothing of my own, I am a bad host. Yesterday's post has been brought back: the bag from Meerut must have been plundered. I trust the sick and wounded got safely into Meerut. I have not much "chirrup" left in me to-day; the certainty of not hearing from you for days weighs upon me. All went well before: now I begin to feel a morbid impatience to get to the end of our task. It is a grievous vexation for all from Meerut.

June 20, 2 P.M.

I have written a letter to you to-day by Umballa, but must send you a line by the Cossid\* who is to carry the news of Campbell's escape to Meerut.

The head-quarters now perceive how vitally im-

\* Messenger.

portant the maintenance of Bagput was, and they say a force is to go to re-establish communications by ferry, and of course they are very sorry they did not maintain the bridge, by sending a force as I recommended; but I do not feel sure that anything will be done. We shall count the days now until the reinforcements arrive; and they will be much longer, now that I cannot expect my daily budget from Meerut. This interruption is the greatest vexation I have suffered. I knew how well off I was before, and was quite content.

There was hard fighting yesterday evening. The enemy tried the trick of attacking us in rear, and came so late the fight lasted till eight. We took two guns and three waggons, and after a faint struggle this morning, they have apparently given up the design. We lost Major Yule, killed; poor Humphreys, of the 20th Native Infantry, is dying; and Williams, of the 60th Rifles, has had his thigh broken. Becher and Major Daly are also wounded. The darkness bothered our troops, who would not retire while a shot was fired, whereas the enemy retreated at their pleasure; they had a good number killed.

This particular force had promised not to accept

anything until they had beaten us; they have the Jullalabad Battery\* with them, with Lord Ellenborough's inscription. None of the Artillery officers are hurt, and I saw Custance after the fight. I was to have dined with him, but he had to defer the engagement. Wilby is much better, and was able to take his part in the affair. Give my love to L. C.

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## LETTER XXVIII.

Camp before Delhi, June 21.

I WROTE in distress yesterday at the Bagput Bridge having been broken, and at the prospect of not hearing from you. This has been remedied, for the whole Jheend force has been sent to Bagput, and I know from Saunders† that a good many of the boats have been saved. My anxiety now is about the storm that threatens you, in the shape of the Rohilcund mutineers. I trust they may give Meerut the go-by, and come straight to Delhi. It is what they have always done, and they must know that they

\* The gallant defence of Jullalabad by the late Sir Robert Sale and his small force will be long held in remembrance.

† C. B. Saunders, Civil Service, lately Collector and Magistrate of Moradabad.

will meet with a stern opposition if they venture to attack the place; and it is so evidently out of the way. Danger comes home to me when it threatens you; but I trust it is all safe, and that God will shield you.

It is an utterly false report, I regret to say, of the 84th being at Allyghur. I am confident that none of them have left Cawnpore. It originated in a Cossid from Allyghur, stating that he had seen some "Goras"\* there; but he alluded to the Agra Volunteer Troop.

Campbell left this morning, on his return to Bagput. I have heard from him half-way: the Raja (Jheend) halted, instead of pressing on. He wished to give the insurgents time to clear out, I suppose: they had all disappeared before Saunders arrived. Campbell cannot like his work,—it is impossible, and he has a tiresome fellow to deal with in the political officer with the Raja.

Our reinforcements will come in opportunely, to balance the weight of the Rohilcund mutineers. I hope we have now heard of the last arrivals. We certainly have got quite a new set to deal with since we first took the field. I never hear of any 20th or 11th† men now, and the 3rd Cavalry

\* Europeans.

† The two Native Infantry regiments that mutinied at Meerut.

appear to be expended. The paucity of artillerymen for siege purposes has retarded us very much, and this force was sent into the field very inadequately equipped for a siege. If it was all to do over again, I believe we should have done better to encircle Delhi at a distance with a cordon of troops, and to have waited till an army, properly equipped, had been organised. But everybody was so impatient for the place to be taken; and the Governor-General and Lieut.-Governor made sure it would be, because they wished it. But I think we might have taken the city on the 12th: it would have been a great risk, but the stakes played for were enormous.

It is getting on for a month since I parted from you; but we must not repine. This is the time when no amount of self-sacrifice is too great; and when one sees the alacrity with which our brave fellows turn out to fight, and to offer up their lives, one is almost ashamed of the little a civilian does for his country in such days.

I took Campbell up to the watch-tower yesterday. He saw all Delhi; the batteries were very silent, but one shot was fired from the city at Hindoo Rao's. He was struck with the unconcerned and

composed air of the Rifles, who had only just come off the stiff fight of the preceding evening.

Light was the man who organised the party to bring in the gun of which the axle had broken. It belonged to his old troop, and he could not bear the idea of its being stolen by the enemy. He got thirty volunteers and a spare carriage, and went out in the dead of night: there was every chance of falling in with the enemy, but they brought it off quietly. I dined with Custance last night: they were all well and friendly.

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LETTER XXIX.

Camp before Delhi, June 22.

BEFORE this reaches you it will be known whether the Rohilcund mutineers are carrying out their threat of attacking Meerut. There is no reasonable fear for the safety of the place, but the idea that you are exposed to peril works upon my spirits, and I cannot dissemble my anxiety. I know also how important it is, in a public view, that our chief military stations should be spared, and in every way the intelligence is very discomposing.

Your two letters of the 19th and 20th came in this

morning, and cheered me much. You had not then been informed fully of the intentions of the mutineers, and I hope they may still remain unexecuted, and that the straight road may tempt them. I think it very possible it may end by their Irregular Horse making a *détour*, and trying to burn as much as possible. I imagine Saunders has returned from Bagput; it was welcome news to hear that all the boats had not been destroyed, and to find our communication restored. The party of Nabah\*, and Putteealah Horse and Foot, with Campbell, behaved shamefully; but their worth was well known, and they should not have been allowed to guard the bridge, but <sup>Frederick</sup> was obstinate. His wound is getting on well, and so is Daly, of the Guides. Hodson commands them again while Daly is laid up.

I was sorry to hear of poor Humphrey's death; he was a good, kind-hearted, generous fellow. I exchanged salutes with him just before he went into action. He was looking very ill, poor fellow.

There has been no fighting since Saturday morning, but I suppose the Jullundhur men will be pushed out to try their luck. Their gunpowder is certainly failing;

\* Seikh auxiliaries.

they can make more, but it is not so good, and I should think the supply of sulphur must be limited. The Goojurs\* carried away large quantities of gunpowder from the magazine in the first days of the outbreak; the best thing they have done, for it will not do us much harm in their hands.

I was dining at the Rifles last night: it was found the supply of wine had run out, and that the mess serjeant was intoxicated. It appears that he only became aware of the small quantity in hand a day or two before, and had not the courage to report his neglect, and last night tried to drown his vexation in drinking. He was put under arrest, and, sad to say, this morning he committed suicide. He was a good steady man, and every one is concerned at his sad end.

Innes† is the most bright and cheerful fellow in camp, and I am sure his face must do good in the hospitals. Norman‡, too, smiles much more than he did at Meerut. We expect Neville Chamberlain immediately: he will be of great assistance to General Barnard, who is new to the country. Poor Chester was a great loss. I see Frith often, and we

\* A plundering caste.

† 60th Rifles.

‡ Assistant Adjutant-General of the army.



are excellent friends. Wilby has a good deal of cough, but can do his work and go about. He is busy with the next plan of attack, which certainly will come off, come what come may.

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## LETTER XXX.

Camp, June 24.

I MISSED writing yesterday, — I had nothing very pleasant to say, and the continued roll of musketry and booming of cannon, from 6 A.M. to 5 P.M., distracted my attention from other matters. The enemy came out with the object of intercepting a convoy, and then attacking us in the rear, but they found the bridges on their road blown up, and the party of horse that did cross got a volley from Olphert's guns, which sent them to the right about; the mass then got into the Subzehmundee and gardens on our right, and made repeated attempts on the rear of Hindoo Rao's house and on the mound. Our fellows followed them three times into Subzehmundee, but they got into houses and closed the doors on themselves, and when our troops withdrew came out again and fired away. It was a tiresome action, knowing that nothing could be gained beyond driving them away; so one got tired of the sound of

firing, and wished it at an end. They got well punished for their pains, and as usual failed in their objects. It is said in the city 400 were killed and 300 wounded. We lost nearly 100 killed and wounded. Jackson, of the Fusileers, was killed; Welchman and Captain Jones, of the Rifles, wounded. Our troops fought admirably, and showed an utter disregard not only of danger, but of fatigue, but it is a pity they had to endure so much to gain so little. We may feel the more certain that when the time arrives for an advance, nothing will resist them.

I was glad to hear from Edward to-day that he had got his orders to join, and he will be here with his regiment on the 27th. I hope I made myself over anxious about Meerut. I may, I am convinced, be quite assured that even if the mutineers do come there, no injury can be suffered by the inmates of the depôt, and I believe you would all relish to have the credit of being witnesses of the mutineers' defeat.

Dunlop's project of disputing the passage of the Ganges\*, is one that meets much favour here. The detachment was strong enough to make good its retreat when it had accomplished its object, or found

\* The Rohilcund Mountaineers had to cross the river on their way to Delhi or Meerut.

it could do no more. But the Fates seem against any opposition being offered to the mutineers on their travels. We let slip an excellent opportunity of punishing the party of 4th Irregulars, who murdered their officer at Mozuffernugger. I learnt about the calamity at Mozuffernugger from Major Williams' letter, which came in this morning.

Waterfield often comes over to my tent for a talk, and I am very fond of him. I gave your congratulations to Tombs: he is so modest, it quite flatters him to know he is noticed. All your friends are glad to find you remember them.

General Barnard keeps quite an open table: there must be some twelve to fourteen every day at breakfast and dinner. Young Barnard takes the most respectful care of his father; he anticipates all his wishes and wants. With others he can be as merry as possible, and is full of chaff: I like him very much. He is a happy mixture of a midshipman and a guardsman. Neville Chamberlain has arrived: of this we are all glad, as well as the General. Wilby's bold conceptions may now receive more consideration; General Barnard always thought well of them, but wanted more support.

I am grieved to be obliged to say, I can hold out no hope to Mrs. Hutchinson of her husband's safety. I have avoided answering the question, but it is no

use. Her brother (Colonel Becher) is doing well. To-day promises to be quiet, and I hope they have had enough for some days to come — our troops will be better for the rest.

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## LETTER XXXI.

Camp before Delhi, June 25.

I WROTE to you yesterday by the post, for Waterfield's camels did not go so fast as they used to do, but I must return to my allegiance to-day. Yours of the 24th has just come in, and re-established his reputation.

There has been a lull since the 23rd: the enemy were severely punished, and the Jullundhur brigade have already met with a portion of their deserts. The insurrection would have died out, but for the constant fresh infusion of mutinous troops. They get beaten in detail, and apparently fight without any defined object. It is a most senseless insurrection, and has no parallel in history. Would to God so many innocent lives had not been sacrificed!

I heard to day from Lebas \*, that he was at Kurnaul yesterday: we shall see him in on the 27th. I

\* C. B. Lebas, Civil Service, late Judge of Delhi.

met Longfield \* last night at mess ; Olpherts † and Lindsay † were there, Traill † is with the other column. Scott and Elliot were also at dinner : it was a large party, and I believe the last bottle of beer was drank. All the messes are badly off, and the supply in the "Nor West," will run short ; but I suppose we shall reconcile ourselves to teatotalism. Tea is the last beverage I would forego.

I cannot reproach myself very much for being anxious about you : I think having to write, that no succour could be sent, damped my spirits. It would not have answered to have met the mutineers in open battle, but the passage of the river might no doubt have been disputed. I met that noble cavalier Probyn ‡, this morning out riding : he came in with some of his regiment on the 23rd : he asked a great deal about you, and our escape on the 10th of May.

Campbell is not happy at Bagput, having an impracticable man to deal with, who puts every one out of temper. I wrote yesterday to Spankie §, to send some Goorkhas to Mozuffernugger, with one of his joint magistrates.

\* Brigadier Longfield, Her Majesty's 8th.

† Horse Artillery.

‡ Lieutenant, now Major Probyn, C.B. and V.C., of 2nd Punjab Cavalry.

§ R. Spankie, Civil Service, Collector of Jeharumpore.

## LETTER XXXII.

Camp before Delhi, June 26.

I DO not think I wrote much about the action of the 19th. I watched it from a rising ground: it soon got dark, and I could only judge of the relative position of the two forces by the flashes of the guns. It was an anxious time, for the fire was kept up with vigour on both sides. By degrees the flashes were less vivid, and I knew the enemy had retired: then on one side they approached nearer, and one could not tell what had happened; and a tumbril was blown up, and there was no saying who it belonged to. It was a relief when the troops returned, and we heard the truth.

These constant fights have led to the enemy being beaten in detail, but we feel we came here to attack, not to be attacked, and that the tables are turned; but our day will come, and I believe one day will put us in a position that will compensate for all our anxieties. I question whether troops have ever been subjected to greater trials in India. The siege of Mooltan was child's play to this, owing of course to everything brought against us here being our own, and we have given the biggest guns and the strong position to the enemy. It is quite remarkable how

little injury they do us, despite their constant firing of round shot and shells. All that pass the ridge lodge within a certain space, which is treated with respect.

Our Artillery scarcely have any casualties. It does not seem certain whether the 8th are to be in to-morrow, or the next day, — there is some confusion of dates. The Agra people are much disturbed at the Gwalior revolt, which places a large body of enemies in their close vicinity. There will be a terrible destruction of life and property if they attack Agra, the christian population is so large, and the liberation of so many prisoners will be a calamity; so if they do not come too quickly, it would be better if they came to Delhi.

I do not think many would, like you, wish to put out a shield to receive a blow destined against Delhi. I am sure you have a secret wish to receive a visit from the Bareilly Force.

I met Neville Chamberlain last night; it was dark, but I remembered his voice. I walked home with Scott from mess, leaving Waterfield too fast asleep to be moved. The Umballa mess lent us twenty-four dozen of beer. Wilby has got a "kid-mutgar,"\* poor Major Yule's servant, and he has

\* Table servant.

picked up a few things at sales, of the effects of the poor fellows who have fallen. One cannot be proud in these days; I have all I want, except some ink. I am writing with borrowed fluid. Try to send me some. Wilby's cigars arrived yesterday.

I have been requested by General Barnard and Brigadier Chamberlain to summon Saunders over. I am glad the invitation emanated from them. He will now be sure of their best support.

The enemy promised to come out this morning, and the assembly was sounded on their appearing outside the gates, and some long shots were interchanged. But we are becoming too knowing, and they found their favourite road occupied, so they went back. I was on the mound with Tombs, Johnson, and a lot of fellows. It was a nice cool morning, and we sat a long time on the parapet. I hear to-day the Gwalior Contingent want to persuade the Maharaja to head them, and take them to Agra; so there will be some delay in their coming here, which is of vital importance to our success. They must defend the fort at Agra, and sacrifice everything else. It is singular with what coolness one regards such a proceeding, when one has nothing oneself to lose. Our life was too sunny before, the brightness dazzled one's eyes.



## LETTER XXXIII.

Camp before Delhi, June 27.

THE gratification of a direct communication has been short-lived ; we are again cut off from Meerut, and I shall always now look upon poor Campbell as the harbinger of bad news. I could hardly believe my eyes when he came up to me on the mound this morning. But I read in his face that the bridge had been again broken, and this time under circumstances of deeper disgrace than before. I can only regret my estimate of Captain ——'s character was so just, and that my requisition for his removal was not attended to. I felt convinced that the Jheend force under such a man was not to be trusted, and recommended his removal four days ago ; and I pressed urgently for reinforcements to be sent, upon whom dependence could be placed.

I had a great row yesterday about it ; the General thought I was unjust towards Captain ——, but I got authority for his supercession by Captain Nicholson, of the Punjab Cavalry, who was sent out yesterday with Probyn, and a "Ressalah." They arrived, however, too late. A Bunniah \* yesterday

\* Shopkeeper.

brought in word to Bagput that a force had been seen passing over the bridge, from Delhi: this was quite enough; a panic at once seized the Jheend camp, and their only thought was how to get away. By midnight the force was all across the river, and away, without a single enemy having appeared. The bridge was broken up, and most of the boats allowed to float down the river.

It turns out that there was a party of Delhi troops at Khekurah, eight miles from Bagput; it is probable they have no guns, and if the Jheend force had only stood their ground, without having to fire a shot, Captain Nicholson would have come up, and would have got reinforcements, if necessary, from the force coming down, or from this. General Barnard has disarmed anything like resentment, by coming over to my tent for the express purpose of stating his regret at having mistrusted me, and he made the *amende* before others. But this mischief is done, and I do not see the remedy until we are in Delhi. The convoy of rum and sandbags, luckily, crossed over yesterday, and have come in. It is most painful to me to find the communication cut off just at a time when we look to Meerut so anxiously for intelligence, but I must not allow myself to be depressed again.

The enemy came out again this morning for a general attack, but it was very feebly conducted. The rain has commenced, and is falling heavily just now. Edward will be in to-morrow morning, and the last detachment on the 30th. Our friends are all well. We Meerut people all hang very much together. I saw both Scott and Elliot this morning. Dunlop has sent me a Mr. Young; I wish I knew where to get him a dinner. He came in the vain expectation of being able to get round to George Harvey's camp, and his retreat to Meerut is now cut off.

I have just got your letter of the 25th. I shall lose my character as a military historian, but the fight of the 23rd offered no salient points. It was dull and tiresome, and seemed as if it would never end. I like describing attacks, and hope soon to have something brilliant to relate.

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LETTER XXXIV.

Camp before Delhi, June 28.

I WAS later this morning from having to sleep inside my tent, and I was awake by the announcement,

“Colonel Sahib agya,”\* and there was Edward, sure enough, on the horse of a dismounted trooper, “Antelope” being still in the rear, for he started without anything. He is looking particularly well, and is in good spirits.

The 8th have had to leave 100 men at Jullundhur, 100 at Phillour, and 250 at Umballa, so they have only 350 with them in the field, which he regrets very much, as the regiment is not strong to undertake any important exploit. He is taking a sleep just now on my cot; this is luckily a quiet day, so his men will have good rest, and start fresh if there is anything to do to-morrow. We went to service this morning together.

I wish I had given instructions to Campbell to make for Meerut, in event of the post (at Bagput) being abandoned. He has nothing to do here. I can do little for him. Yesterday I got some dinner for him and Mr. Young from the General's table; but to-day I do not know what to do. The Meerut mess does not admit more honorary members. It is really embarrassing. I tried to get Mr. Young employment as a volunteer with the Artillery, but Wilson does not want more officers. He seems a fine young

\* His Honor the Colonel has arrived.

fellow, but I wish Dunlop had kept him for his Volunteer Horse.

Our English troops at Cawnpore and Lucknow are all well, and 6000 more are to be about Allahabad within two months. This news comes from Morrieson \* at Bhurtpore. The thunder is growling: it is a pleasanter sound than a cannonade or musketry, when one knows no object will be attained. Wilby is quite well: he is doing the work of chief engineer. It looks as if we should have a great deal of rain. I hope the Pandees forgot their great coats. The rain drove them away yesterday.

I will order a "Lahore Chronicle" to be sent direct to you. Wonderful crammers are written from the camp. Give my love to L. C.

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LETTER XXXV.

Camp, June 29.

THE 25th is still our oldest date from Meerut, and we know nothing of the district, except that the Delhi troops have returned from Bagput to Delhi, and that they would probably never have gone there if the Jheend force had shown a bold front. The

\* Political agent at Bhurtpore.

unfortunate place has been plundered, and we have suffered great disgrace, and people begin to mistrust our power to do anything except defend our own camp. I am sure that as soon as our brave fellows are allowed to go a-head, this will be proved a delusion, and I long to have something to tell you again that is worthy of us.

I went down to the 8th camp this morning, and it was quite a treat to see a regiment looking so clean: of course they will have to look like chimney-sweeps when on duty in the batteries and pickets. I saw Pogson, Annesley, and some others. Hartley goes back to Amballa, to assume command of the brigade. Longfield gets a brigade with this force, and Edward falls into command of the regiment. The "Antelope," "Gopal,"\* and his tent, will be here in a few days. "Arthur"† was carried off by a Sepoy, and was recovered fourteen days after; he is now at Umballa. It is quite clear that but for General —, the Jullundhur mutineers would never have got away. The rains oblige the Meerut mess to give up the out-door Caffé system, and to dine in a tent. I prefer it much to any other mess. Mr. Young has left me and gone out to the Jheend camp; he was

\* His native servant.

† A pony.

so vexed to get no employment here, and to feel himself a drag.

I hope Campbell will be able shortly to return to Meerut with Mr. Palmer\*, who is to go to Mozuffernugger. I presume General Hewitt will try and clear the road to Bagput. I try and conquer my anxieties about these Rohilcund mutineers, but I long to hear the end of it. Wilby has become a regular sapper, and takes his turn of duty with other engineers. He prefers this. Everything has been quiet in camp since Saturday morning; they proposed on that day to attack us with rockets; but they did not answer.

Best love from the brothers. It is very pleasant being together again. I do not think there are two other brothers in camp. I send this through Dunlop, by private messenger.

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LETTER XXXVI.

Camp, June 30.

WATERFIELD brought me your letter of the 27th. It was everything to hear that you were well, and that all else was well.

\* Mr. Palmer, Civil Service.

The Bareilly men will hear to-day that the river has broken the Delhi bridge, and will feel in a fix. It will, of course, be an advantage to us if they are here to assist at the last act of the drama. Major Laughton has gone away; but a senior officer, Lieutenant Taylor, is in camp; so Wilby is not chief engineer. However, Baird Smith is to be here shortly, and will supersede them all. The plans are, I hope, too matured to be affected by these changes. I and Wilby dined with Edward last night at his mess; they seem pretty well off. The 8th have got their band and instruments, and we are to have some music.

I am receiving capital despatches from H. D. Robertson.\* He is gaining daily victories over the Goojurs, and in his last affair killed some 250, and counted the bodies. I shall continue to dine generally at the Meerut mess. I like the familiar faces, and I see Edward constantly. He is in his best place, and it is very delightful to see him here. He was asleep when Waterfield came into the tent: he would not believe he was my brother. My two last letters have been sent through Dunlop; the two before, round by Seharunpore.

\* Civil Service, Assistant Magistrate of Seharunpore.



There was a little fighting this morning, but it was not worth looking at, and I spent the time in Edward's tent. The regiment was very much disgusted by an order for seventy men to return to Umballa, after they had got two marches from it. The men could scarcely be induced to go back; and were so sulky when they reached Umballa, that they did not behave with their usual steadiness.

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LETTER XXXVII.

Camp, July 1st.

I HAVE had the very great satisfaction of receiving three or four letters by to-day's post from Kurnaul; and I can now look upon Meerut as the safest place in Upper India; for we can see the Bareilly mutineers on the opposite bank of the river crossing in boats, as the bridge is broken. It has been a close run between their reinforcements and ours. I believe our last detachment will be in to-morrow. The 61st marched in this morning, their band playing "Cheer, boys, cheer!" The music had a great effect on us all; and I am sure it is a great mistake to put the bandsmen into the ranks. Edward has got

twenty of his band, and they will play at their parade, and I hope soon before the palace.

Mr. Palmer brought me your letter of the 25th: he is a great warrior, and bristles with arms, which I hope he may soon use with effect against the Mozuffernugger Goojurs. He will be invaluable to Bedford \*, but just now from the Bagput disaster he is in a trap. The Jheend Raja has gone home with a part of his force, the rest are to escort the wounded to Umballa. They are good men enough, and it is a pity they should have been so badly handled.

The skirmish yesterday came to nothing: a column was formed to take the guns, but by the time they got up, the enemy had retreated into Delhi, and they walked up to the Eedgah and back, without seeing any body: they destroyed some sand-bags and entrenching tools. To-day, our batteries have been firing continuously at the Moree bastion. Rockets were tried last night, but they are capricious articles, and were not of much use. Captain Stewart, of the 9th Native Infantry, and Mr. Ford, Civil Service, rode into camp this morning from George Harvey's Camp. I did not know Stewart again, he looks so toil-worn. We know now that the 64th left Calcutta

\* Civil Service, Magistrate of Mozuffernugger.

on the 9th of June, and that they had been preceded by the 84th and Madras Fusileers. The Highlanders \* arrived on the 9th, and must be on their way up also. I met Trail (Artillery): he is pale and worn. Tombs and Hills look brilliant. Chichester has become the colour of mahogany.

You went to the poor old ruined home in good company, and would have routed a considerable force. Best love from all of us.

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LETTER XXXVIII.

Camp, Delhi, July 22.

YOUR letter of the 29th coming in to-day shows that the Kurnaul communication can be depended upon; and though the letters are a little old, still as long as they come in daily, one feels no cause of complaint. I wish I had trusted to Kurnaul only, for by sending sometimes by Umballa, and sometimes by the postmaster's messengers, my letters will arrive without order. Innes was in my tent when I got your letter, and I gave him the message about the cushions for the wounded. All his poor fellows who were fit to be moved left yesterday evening for Um-

\* 78th.

balla: they will be six days going to Kurnaul, and if there is an opportunity of sending them to Kurnaul, you had better do so. Dr. Batson is in charge. Innes begs to be most kindly remembered to you and L. C., and thanks you both.

Our batteries were hard at work playing on the Moree bastion, and they succeeded in knocking down part of the wall, and silencing the guns; they got up fresh ones in the night, and they were at it again to-day. From the signal-tower one can see where every shot hits, and it is a good place for loungers to look from, who do not want to go under fire. One of their shots to-day, unluckily, dismounted one of our twenty-four's, breaking the trunnions, axle-tree, and elevating screw: young Pemberton, who was laying it at the time, escaped, but a poor man of the Rifles got badly hurt. Colonel Mackenzie was hit this morning by a splinter from a shell. Innes says it is little more than a graze.

I had a pleasant dinner with Edward yesterday: the 61st were dining with them. They all dress in "khakee" (dust colour), which will be the uniform of the army of the East. I read a letter to-day from Mr. Colvin, of the 28th June. He expresses great admiration at the valour and endurance of our troops, and looks with confidence to the results. They are

quiet at Agra, and if the worst comes to the worst, the fort will hold the whole Christian population, and has been provisioned for the purpose. Sir H. Wheeler, and Sir H. Lawrence, are just holding their own at Cawnpore and Lucknow (as we did at Meerut), until the troops arrive from Calcutta. He reassures us about the fate of the Allahabad fort, and the mutiny at Benares was suppressed. The Gwalior contingent do not leave Gwalior: I should not be surprised if they tried to get up a Hindoo "Raj" \* there, and at the Pandeas rallying there, when they are turned out of this. I should like this to happen; it would divide the Hindoo and Mahomedan, and help us to get them out of this. Delhi once taken, we need not be in such a hurry about Gwalior, and we should have time to organise a complete force.

Wilby came into the 8th after dinner, and we had a merry talk; he looks as bright as sunshine. It is seldom three brothers meet under such circumstances, each coming from a different direction, and all on duty. I hope the Carabineers did not destroy the boats at Bulaynee, for there are no more on the Hinden, but I hope we shall very soon have the com-

\* Government.

mand of the Delhi bridge, and of the suspension bridge at Ghazeeudeen nugger. We have dry weather, and the river has fallen again : in fact, the only rain we have had of consequence, fell during Saturday, so I do not miss the flannels. If you despatch any parcel to Kurnaul, send it to Le Bas's care. I hope Mrs. Campbell is not seriously ill. Best love from Edward and Wilby ; they delight in hearing your daily news.

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LETTER XXXIX.

Camp, Delhi, July 3.

TO-DAY's mail-cart brought yours of the 30th, and Sir Edward Campbell ; he asked very kindly after you in the few words I exchanged with him : he was wanted in the 60th, they have so few officers left ; the number of their men has also decreased sadly, they have so many casualties in the fights. Their dark dress makes them very conspicuous.

I thought I should have had something stirring to relate to-day, but the event still looms large in the future. The enemy again were to have come out this morning, headed by the Bareilly men ; but they also have found some reason for delay. I suppose the General wishes to give them a discourager before

he tries the city. Edward and Wilby have been in the tent this morning. We seem to have nothing to do. I hope Saunders will find an escort to come by Bagput. The General wants some more riflemen out.

You will enjoy getting the "Lahore Chronicle." You must not believe all the tales you see from camp. The account of the suppression of the Benares mutiny is interesting; it shows what wonders guns, and a small party of English, can effect. We should not have had the Jullundhur Brigade but for General Johnstone. It was found yesterday that some of the native officers in Probyn's detachment were trying to pervert Coke's regiment; they were shown up by the latter, and were at once hung: they were Hindostanees. I hope my letters began to reach you after the 30th. I wish I had adopted the Kurnaul road, instead of dodging; but we know nothing of what is going on on the other side of the river, except by letter, and I was afraid the Shamlee country would be disturbed again, and the Dâk stopped.

I am so very sorry to hear of poor Mrs. ——'s accident: it is most sad such a misfortune occurring at this time, when there is so little to alleviate the tedium of confinement. I sometimes wonder whether we are all the same people who were at her house on Saturday the 9th of May. Colonel Finnis, poor

man, one of the party, has been long at rest. It did not occur to me before, that you can write to Calcutta by Lahore and Bombay, with certainty of your letter reaching. I see that even official packets come to camp from Calcutta by that route.

I am afraid Mackenzie's wound is a bad one: it is below the knee, and the flesh is a good deal lacerated, and it is feared, poor fellow, he will be lame. I am very sorry for it,—he is an excellent officer. I am glad to think you are out of the Dum Dummer\*: what a life the poor people must lead in the long room! I hope you returned safe from your reconnaissance of the native lines. I heard from Mr. Colvin up to the 28th. He still writes cheerily.

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#### LETTER XL.

Camp, Delhi, July 4.

I CANNOT resist the opportunity of Dunlop's Cossid returning, to write you a note, as he will probably beat the Kurnaul post by a day.

We had a disappointment this morning. A well appointed column was sent out to intercept the Ba-reilly brigade, who had ventured some distance in

\* The Artillery Depôt.



our rear. They appeared quite cut off from the town; but a piece of marshy ground intervened, which checked our progress, and the fellows found time and opportunity to get off their guns, and eventually to run off themselves, with comparatively little loss. We had only one Lascar and two horses killed. The fighting took place at a distance from camp; but from the watch-tower we could see the general direction; and as the enemy had to retreat further away from the town, we thought it was all up with them. It is really a chance lost, which may not occur again. The villains had been down the road during the night, and surprised and killed a party of Seikh Horse on duty at Alleepore. They probably expected to find a convoy, but were happily mistaken.

A Crimean education is not the best for this service. Having the sea close at hand, there was no care about communications; and in estimating the amount of resistance to be expected within the walls, the General is disposed to treat the Pandees as Russians. I wrote a long account of our proceedings to George Edmonstone this morning, and have sent it by Bombay. I think I put everything in its true light, and did not merely pick out the plums, as is sometimes done in despatches. But the conduct

of our troops, and the result of our actions, can only excite admiration. The question is, whether greater objects might not have been attained.

Sir Edward Campbell came to my tent this morning. He is the same merry fellow. He says the riflemen suspect their coffeeshop-man of being a spy, because he had a brother in the 3rd Cavalry, and only sells tea and coffee, and won't keep tobacco and lucifers. You remember the way in which he tells such stories. It is lucky he came in yesterday morning, for this raid of the Bareilly brigade has delayed the mail-cart. The Sepoys have all returned to the city, but the report of this expedition must establish a fright. The 8th have not yet been fairly engaged; they usually occupy the post at Metcalfe House, which is not much the object of attack. It is close to their camp. Edward is full of ardour, and takes to the work like a practised campaigner.

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## LETTER XLI.

Camp, Delhi, July 5.

THE road is again open, and the post brought me in your letters of the 1st and 2nd. It always seems an enhanced pleasure to have letters after the post has been stopped.

We are sincerely grieved at the imminent prospect of losing our excellent chief, General Barnard. Anxiety of mind, and constant exposure to the sun, had evidently worked a great change in him, and sleep and appetite had forsaken him. He was still the same courteous gentleman; but his spirits were deeply affected, and the cares of his position grew upon him. These inroads on his mind and body paved the way for cholera, and he is now in a condition from which he cannot be hoped to rally. He was a highminded, excellent officer, and on European ground, and in a European war, would have done the State good service; but he was too suddenly thrust into the most difficult active service in India that could be imagined, and found himself placed in command of an army which General Anson had organised, and obliged to carry out operations which he would not himself have undertaken with the means at his command. With more knowledge of the relative merits of his troops, and of the enemy, he would, I think, have achieved a great success. General Reed has taken the command, and will have Chamberlain as adjutant-general of the army.

We must have patience, my dearest. Whatever we endure is in the performance of duty; and it would be wrong to murmur, after having shared so

largely in the enjoyments of life, and lived such a sunny existence, if we are now called upon to submit to some deprivations. We have, after all, much to thank God for, and submission to His will is the first rule of life, and makes all burdens light. It is pleasant for me to have so many good friends in camp among the Meerut men; we scarcely know how strong the tie of "station" is.

I dined with the Rifles yesterday. They are reduced to their rum rations; their stores have been plundered on the way. I saw Captain Williams (60th). He is getting on well, and I hope the bone will mend well. He says the time passes cheerfully, except when the regiment is all out on duty, or in action; and then the camp feels so lonely, and the anxiety to know what is going on is so oppressive. It is a pity the 8th are encamped some way off, as I do not see Edward so often as I wish; and I have twice had to put off dining with him, from his being on duty.

We had service to-day at 6; it was well attended. I remember thinking to myself last Sunday, how many of these present will be alive this day week, I expected the storm so confidently; but I shall give up such forebodings. The sermon was more appropriate to the times than on some former oc-

casions. Give my love and thanks to L. C. for her letter. I will answer it to-morrow.

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## LETTER XLII.

Camp, Delhi, July 6.

MY fears about poor General Barnard were realised, he never rallied, and life gradually flickered out. He was buried to-day at 10, in the unostentatious way that prevails on service. The rough coffin was placed on a gun-carriage, and followed by a dismounted party of his Lancer escort, who carried it into the graveyard. His son accompanied it, and a number of us came after. We all pitied the poor boy, who struggled manfully with his grief, but his quivering muscles showed the effort. I never saw more affection between father and son, and he tended the poor General with a daughter's tenderness. He leaves this afternoon for England.

We cannot yet tell what line General Reed will pursue.

It appears likely that the Neemuch Brigade will march to Agra. It consists of the 72nd, one of the Gwalior Contingent Infantry, Mackenzie's troop of Horse Artillery, and some Cavalry. If they ap-

proach Agra, it is determined to fight them in the plain, with the 3rd Europeans and D'Oyly's battery. Their cavalry ought really to be counted for nothing, so the odds are not so great.

The Bareilly brigade seized four of the Meerut police Sowars attached to me, who had been sent down the road; they were taking them prisoners to Delhi on Saturday morning, when the cry of "Gora Log ata" \* was raised. A scene of confusion and disorder at once arose, which it is difficult to conceive, and the Sowars found themselves left alone on the road; so they unpinioned each other, and made their escape.

We have no intelligence of any more attacks, and the camp is singularly quiet. They begin to allow that it is no use trying to meet our troops. I hope you are getting the "Lahore Chronicle:" it puts a little life into one to see a newspaper. The Punjab men all get their letters from England regularly. Chamberlain had one from Sir George Clerk of the 26th May. I am afraid it will be some time before we get any. My last was the one I received the morning of the fight of the 8th. Wilby and I dined with Edward last night: the rain came down in

\* The Europeans are coming.

torrents, but we came home dry during a break. However, Wilby was not destined to have a quiet night; he was roused up by an order to proceed on a bridge-destroying expedition, and I do not expect him back till this evening or to-morrow evening. Mr. Palmer leaves this with young Barnard: he is to get round to Mozuffernugger somehow. I hope Campbell will soon find an opportunity to return.

I heard from G. Harvey, dated the 3rd: he was quite well, and only wishes he were here: he would amuse us with his anecdotes. Campbell has to dine alone on Commissariat beef. I cannot help him, as guests are not allowed at the messes. I see Sir Edward Campbell frequently, and rode down to Edward's tent with him this morning. Our rides are rather limited, and it is difficult to say how time passes. The poor General's death breaks up a great meeting place. I preferred dining out, but I always breakfasted there.

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LETTER XLIII.

Camp, Delhi, July 7.

JUST after I had sent off my letter of yesterday, I received yours of the 3rd and 4th, and the consequence of this abundance is, that we are starved to-

day, for the post has brought nothing from Meerut ; but I can wait till to-morrow, having had such a good meal yesterday.

I announced the revolt of the Gwalior Contingent to Barnes \* as a mere fact, and I do not hesitate to say that I look upon the fidelity of any Pandy regiment, that has not been disarmed, as a mere accident, and we may feel ourselves disembarassed of the Bengal army. But as long as I feel the entire confidence I do, that we shall triumph over this iniquitous combination, I cannot feel gloomy. I leave that feeling to the Pandeas, who have sacrificed honour and existence to the ghost of a delusion. The triumph may be longer delayed than we expected, but it will be all the more complete. The elements of defeat are becoming more and more developed ; the distrust and dissatisfaction among the Pandeas are growing daily stronger ; they have no longer the spirit that led them to venture out ten miles two days successively at Ghazeerudeen, and to hope they would stop us at Badlee<sup>Y<sup>a</sup></sup>-Seraï. At the same time we know that a large body of troops is assembling at Allahabad, and that England will send out hosts by September and October.

I receive accurate reports of conversations among

\* Commissioner of Lahore.



Sepoys from my spies. One of them was rebuking the mass for hiding in the town like women, while the English remained on the "maidan,"\* and yet sustained no defeat.

I did not refute the report about Mr. Colvin, but it is all stuff. It was set about in Calcutta, and got copied into the "Lahore Chronicle." His letters are very cheery: he would like us to have done more here, but he does not make it an excuse for doing nothing at Agra, and he was looking with confidence to beating off the Neemuch men. All is still in camp, and there is scarcely a sound from the batteries. I did not see Wilby again till this morning; he came in late from his expedition, which kept him out all day. He blew up four of the canal bridges. The treasure we expected came in quite safely, and the road to the rear appears clear again. I wrote to L. C. yesterday.

We are rather curious to see how General Reed will manage on the occasion of an attack. Poor General Barnard's last words in his wandering were "strengthen the right," evidently thinking we were attacked. His property is to be sold to-day,—and so ends his career. It is proposed, when the city is our own, to remove his remains to the ridge, and to re-

\* The open plain.

bury him with his face towards Delhi. I dined at "Meerut" last night, and sat near Wilson. There is to be a head-quarter mess, now that General Barnard's hospitable table is broken up. I shall be an honorary member. Waterfield is taking it out of my cot just now : he has an instinct when the post comes in, and as my tent is next to the post-office, he always brings me my budget.

Campbell (60th) and Shute have come in for a smoke, so I must shut up. Edward's horses, &c., have all arrived safely. He has just dropped in. I have given Berford leave, Edwards takes charge.

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LETTER XLIV.

Camp, Delhi, July 8.

A CONSIDERABLE force started at two this morning, including the 8th, to destroy a bridge over the Nugufghur Canal Cut, the only remaining passage to our rear. There was some hope of the Pandees being drawn out to give battle, but I doubt whether they can make up their minds to anything with sufficient quickness. They will probably say that we ought to give them notice of our plan, as they do of theirs. There is no doubt that the Bareilly brigade expected to find our convoy of wounded men and

treasure from Umballa; they were at Alleepore on Saturday. That would have been a glorious sweep for them. Nothing would delight a Pandee more than to butcher men in their "doolies."

I saw an amusing and truthful account of the King's "darbar" held yesterday, written by an eyewitness. Each speaker adduced some story of the ferocity and cruelty of the English: one said a council of war had been held to discuss the propriety of putting every Hindostanee soldier in the camp to death; another that our misdeeds were drawing down the displeasure of Providence, as many of our chief people in Calcutta and London are dying of disease, and two commanders-in-chief had been driven to commit suicide; a third from Loodianah said the Hakim\* at that place (Ricketts) had gained the appellation of "Kikkus" (vernacular for a demon) on account of his cruelty. At last the King heaved a great sigh and said, "Whatever happens, happens by the will of God," and the darbar broke up.

A head-quarter mess has been established: it will be convenient for breakfast, and I can dine there or not as I like. Campbell has got a place at the Sapper mess.

\* Chief authority.

The force has returned, having effected their object without seeing an enemy. I have not seen Edward yet; he is in hopes of getting more of his regiment down. The 52nd are in the Jullundhur Doab, and will not come here. I want you to get me five packets of tea, six bundles of candles, and five hundred cigars. Do not suppose I am laying in these stores for consumption from now to the taking of Delhi, but I may not get them by-and-by, when I want them. I have allowed one of my "chuprassees"\* to return, and I have sent for the new Jemadar\* and two others. All my men behave extremely well, and I have no trouble of any kind. One day is rather like another; and if I have no work to do in connection with the Meerut Division, I must ask to be sent to the trenches.

Best love from all of us. I have not missed writing any day. Waterfield is in my tent, grieving at the prospect of a convoy of camels with rum, being cut off by a party sent from Delhi.

\* Messengers.

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## LETTER XLV.

Camp, Delhi, July 9.

THE rain has been so continuous to-day, we cannot hope to see the post in before three o'clock. I have had two duckings to-day, and feel rather indebted to Punchum\* for having two sets of dry clothes for me. The first was on a visit to the Metcalfe grounds with Shute. I had not been there before. The house is a ruin, like ours, but covers much more ground, and unfortunately was Metcalfe's own property. The cow-house and stables — most palatial out-houses — form our out-picket.

The second was in consequence of the enemy paying us a nearer visit than we have yet received from them in camp. A large body of horse had made friends with the out-lying picket of the 9th Irregulars, on our right flank, who showed them the road into camp at about half-past nine this morning. A troop of cavalry who stood in their way, in in-lying picket, were for the moment unsteady: they thus left Tombs' guns exposed, and the enemy passed through them, wounding Hills over the head with a sabre, and four gunners. Tombs shot one and sabred another, and

\* His bearer or valet.

saved Hills' life, while the turban round his cap saved his own head. The enemy then passed on to the native troop of Horse Artillery, in the hopes of getting them to join; and, failing in this, galloped out of camp. The party who crossed the bridge near the cemetery probably got off safe; but another portion of them, who made their way down this side of the river, were followed by Captain Fagan and a few Foot Artillerymen, who were ready armed, and they shot down fifteen. Captain Fagan was writing at the time, and had only a pen in his hand when he started; but he came back with a sword and Minie carbine, of which he relieved a *ressaldar* of the 8th Cavalry. It was a momentary affair; and by the time we got to the Mound, the cavalry had disappeared, and the only signs of the raid were Tombs' two dead men, and other corpses, and the bodies of a few poor camp-followers. The mistake of leaving an inlet into camp to be guarded by Hindostanees will not again be committed. Brigadier Wilson had in vain protested against it; but Baker knows better than any one else, and now we see the results.

Mr. Lewin\* reached this, in safety, from Meerut: he met with nothing but civility on the road. The zemindars of Dhowlera made him a raft to cross the

\* Civil Service.

Hinden upon, and he had no difficulty in crossing the Jumna.

I dined with Edward last night. The 8th had had a long expedition during the day, and the men were a good deal knocked up. Edward seemed the freshest of the whole. Wilby passed the night in the Right Battery—the most exposed position; but it was a quiet night, and few shots were exchanged. Nubbee Bux\* has joined Wilby, and accompanied him to the battery. There was a story of more troops from Delhi having gone to Bagput; but it is false.

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LETTER XLVI.

Camp, Delhi, July 10.

As I left the Mound yesterday, I saw a column enter the Subzehmundee, headed by the 8th; but it was asserted so confidently that the enemy had withdrawn, that I came away with full assurance there would be no more fighting. But while I was writing to you, a severe engagement was taking place, in which both Edward and Wilby took part. The whole strength of the enemy was brought into the field, and larger numbers were opposed to us than on any other occasion. The old style of thing hap-

\* His servant.

pened again—driving the enemy through gardens and out of houses and enclosures—regular rat-hunting, as Edward terms it, in which you have little chance of seeing the enemy in numbers at a time, and are liable to be fired upon from above, and from all sides. The result was as usual; the Pandeas were driven out, and returned to Delhi, and we have to lament the loss of many good men and officers, and can only claim a barren victory. They failed in a grand effort, and their list of killed was very considerable.

Wilby distinguished himself very much. He was the only officer with the column who did not dismount, so he was employed in carrying orders in every direction. His horse at last was shot through the leg, and he had to leave him, and has lost him. It was an Arab he purchased in camp. He got a shot through the peak of his cap, and a scratch from a sword on his hand. Towards the end of the day, he was with a party in a serai, surrounded by Pandeas, who fired upon them, while a host occupied the outside of the gate. They adopted the only alternative, and rushed out by the gate, the officers leading; they killed the men immediately in front with their swords, and our men pressing on, the whole body took to flight and fled to Delhi. The



odds were ten or twelve to one in numbers against us; it was a trying moment, and nothing but the valour of the officers saved our party.

Edward remained untouched; Mountstevens of the 8th was killed, and Captain Daniell wounded, and twenty-nine men were killed and wounded. They are well satisfied they paid off the enemy with large interest. These engagements must wear out the enemy, but it is a regret that this particular way of beating them should have to be adopted. To-day not a shot has been fired.

Best love to you, my dearest. The brothers talk of you, and long to see you. I hardly know what I should do if I had not them in camp,—that is, I should miss them sadly if they went now. Campbell talks of returning the day after to-morrow. Do you ever think of going to the Hills? I am afraid you must be so weary of Meerut. Kind love to L. C.

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LETTER XLVII.

Camp, Delhi, July 11.

SAUNDERS arrived yesterday afternoon, in company with Eckford, and gave me your note of the 8th, and the parcel containing the flannel coat, which is a charming addition to my wardrobe, and I am now

proof against any weather. The secret about my letters being too late is, that the post closes for the world at one, and for Mr. Lewis, the postmaster's friends, at any hour he pleases. I am proud to consider myself among the latter fortunate class, but I have hitherto made the mistake of sending my letters to Mr. Lewis's public tent, instead of his private tent.

Towards evening the post came in, and brought your letter of the 8th. Captain Eckford has just come in, and brought the other parcel; so everything has arrived safely. He found his brother wounded through the thigh in the affair of the 9th. I may be thankful neither of ours were hurt, for they were in the very thick of it. Wilby shares my tent; he is the greatest solace to me; I know no one so cheery and high-spirited. He is on duty to-day at Hindoo Rao's, and passes the night there. I send him up breakfast and dinner from the head-quarter mess, which is the best in camp. It is convenient to have a restaurant so near of wet nights.

It is singular how coolly servants take up their masters' meals to Hindoo Rao's. They have to pass up a glen which is called "the Valley of the Shadow of Death," from the number of shot that pitch into it. They did not object at first, so it has grown into a custom.

Saunders' return escort affords Campbell a good opportunity of returning to Meerut; he ought to be tired of the life, which must be wearisome to any who do not stay here on duty. Saunders does not find much to do, but his coming has pleased Chamberlain, and by the time employment is found for him (which would be the case immediately we are inside Delhi), he will be familiar with everything.

It does not seem certain whether the Neemuch force is coming here or going to Gwalior, where the Maharajah seems to have detained the contingent, with the purpose, I believe, of doing us good service. As soon as the last notable reinforcement has arrived at Delhi, I feel sure that a change will come over the dreams of the Pandeas, and that their cause will rapidly go down hill. It may, therefore, be the most prudent course now to defer the attack for a short time, for at this moment they may be considered in the plenitude of their force. Success would have been certain on the 12th of June, or before the Bareilly force came in, but the 13th was a day too late. The great source of anxiety in the attack is the safety of our sick and wounded; it would be so deplorable if, while the assault were going on, the camp were attacked and carried; and just now they have a disposable force for such a

purpose. I do not think we have the slightest reason to be ashamed at the delay. I was for the attack, because I felt certain of success ; but it was a desperate game, with so much at stake. But all the world will know that the strength of the opposition offered to us springs from the enemy having possession of fortifications and magazines, which were destined to assist our own enemies. We may be called fools for allowing this, but cannot be blamed for finding the struggle hard against our own weapons.

There is a great laugh against Hodson, certainly the most wide-awake soldier in the camp, for having been thoroughly taken in, on the 9th, by the cavalry who dashed through the camp. He went in pursuit with the Guides, and rode for three miles parallel to the enemy, taking them for our own people, and supposing they were on the same errand. He was at last undeceived by their crossing a bridge and galloping off to Delhi.

Johnson is looking better than he ever did at Meerut, and is always cheery and pleasant.

I got a pair of shoes from Edward, which secures me a change, so I am well off. I hope you will soon be on horseback again.

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## LETTER XLVIII.

Camp, Delhi, July 12, 6 A.M.

I MUST send you a line by Campbell, as he intends to beat the post. Yesterday no letters seem to have been received from Meerut, so I fear an accident must have happened to the mail-bag. It would have been a dull day, Wilby being out in the batteries on duty, if Edward had not come in during the afternoon, and Sir Ed. Campbell. It was a beautiful day, and every thing was as quiet as a Quakers' meeting, and I took the opportunity of going with Edward round the batteries.

We met Wilby at the advanced post, the "Sammy House," within 600 yards of the Bastion. It was a curious place for three brothers to meet in. The view was charming. . Delhi is as green as an emerald just now, and the Jumma Musjid and Palace are beautiful objects, though held by infidels.

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LETTER XLIX.

Camp, Delhi, July 12.

I WROTE you a few lines by Campbell this morning, which ought to reach you before this does. I hope

he will make as good a journey as Lewin and Saunders did. I envied him returning to Meerut; but you know that such wishes must be repressed, and I have nothing to do but remain at my post until the order for "strike your tents and march away" is given. I look sometimes at the bridge of boats, and think how jolly it would be to be marching over it. If our plan of campaign had been sanctioned, and we had marched down to the river, destroyed the Delhi bridge, and made another higher up with the Bagput boats, our position would have been very different; but it was too novel and practical to be understood.

There is no intention, I am certain, of sending anybody off to the Hills and of abandoning Meerut. I heard Chamberlain asking to-day whether any part of the Meerut garrison could be spared to join the army, and he did not seem to be determined upon taking away anybody. General Penny, moreover, has been ordered to Meerut to command. It is obvious if we give Meerut up we shall lose the whole Doab. I hope you did not think, when I suggested your going up, that it was to give you the advantage of going of your own accord instead of being sent.

I enjoyed my tour of the batteries yesterday with Edward very much; it is a most interesting scene.

Only one shot was fired from the town, which was immediately answered by one of our guns: they have been very quiet of late.

The Pandeas were severely punished on the 9th: 230 fell about our right battery. Our men do not tire of the fighting, and the Goorkhas look as happy as possible; they are very proud of occupying the post of danger.\* Sir Edward Campbell was at Hindoo Rao's on the 9th, and was very severely engaged: he lost 14 men, killed and wounded, out of his company.

Innes' hand is well again. Saunders is to be my principal assistant, and have superintendence of Delhi, and Paneeput Districts. He has the advantage of having been asked for by the General, so he gets ready support from the military, and will be upheld at all times. It was just the reverse with Campbell, as he was appointed by me. This is the way of the world. I will chance this letter, so must say good bye.

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\* Hindoo Rao's house, the key of our position, and the object of almost every attack of the enemy, was held by the Simoor battalion and two companies of the 60th Rifles, under Major Reid, from beginning to end of the operations before Delhi. The hospital of the Goorkhas was in the house, and neither officers or men ever came into camp.

## LETTER L.

Camp, Delhi, July 13.

I ACKNOWLEDGED your letter of the 9th yesterday, and I hope mine was not too late by so doing. I did not give myself time to assure you that we feel no real inconvenience from the rains. The tents are well protected, and as the camp is on a slope the water does not lie. The cloudy weather, and even rain, are better for our men while fighting, than the sun, and there is no great amount of sickness. It is a convenience for Wilby and me on wet nights to have the head-quarter mess so close at hand: the "Meerut" is at some distance, but I dined there last night. Tombs, Waterfield, Scott, Frith, Elliot, and Mackinnon, were at the table. They will be all much grieved, in common with many others, to hear the news I have to communicate to-day, of the death of poor Edward D'Oyly.\* He was wounded by a grape-shot through the body in an action with the Neemuch mutineers and Kotah Contingent, at Pathanlee near Agra, on the 5th, and died next day. He is a grievous loss to the Service, as well as to his friends, and few men would be more lamented. The news came in a letter from Muir dated 7th July.

\* Horse Artillery.



On the 4th the Kotah Contingent, which had been serving us at Agra, was sent out, with 250 volunteers, to reconnoitre. The Contingent mutinied, and fired on their officers, but only killed their serjeant; the volunteers succeeded in carrying off their two guns. The next day, as the mutineers advanced to Pathanlee, three miles from Agra, the garrison, consisting of the 3rd Europeans, D'Oyly's battery, and the volunteers, went out to give them battle: an engagement took place, which lasted till our people had exhausted their ammunition, when a retreat was ordered, and our troops fell back without confusion, and reached the fort, but a gun which had been disabled by an explosion had to be abandoned. No further attack on the troops was attempted, but, as usual, the mob and mutineers set fire to all the buildings. The messenger who brought the letter, saw the mutineers at Muttra; so they must be satisfied with the mischief they have committed, and are on their way to their usual rendezvous. We have expected them all along, but I am sorry they should have plucked up courage to attack Agra. It must have been the treason of the rascally Kotah Contingent that inspired them with this confidence.

I have just received your letter of the 10th; it is always the *bonne bouche* of the day, and I wonder

what people do who have no such influx of happiness from without. You will have been consoled to know that your departure for Mussoorie will be quite voluntary: I do not press the move, I only wish you to think over it. The letter I had to-day from Agra was from Muir. I am sorry to learn that poor Mr. Colvin's health has suffered, and that he is not allowed to attend to any business. If Mr. Colvin is incapacitated for work, I believe we had better place ourselves under the Punjab government. The Punjab seems a Paradise compared to Hindostan.

I have heard of young Barnard as far as Philour; he is probably at Mooltan by this time, and this day week he was burying his father.

Wilby has now the distinct charge of the left attack, so he will have no more night duty; he grieves over the destruction of Agra and Mr. Colvin's illness. Fond love from us all. I have written to my mother to-day.

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LETTER LI.

Camp, Delhi, July 14.

TO-DAY'S post has brought me your letter of the 11th, as was justly due. I have now only Wilby in

my tent, and Edward comes in oftener. He brought me yesterday a copy of a telegraphic message from Sir J. Lawrence, containing news from Calcutta, about the English troops coming up. Waterfield copied it to send to Meerut, so you will see it: the pith is, that 7,900 men must have been despatched from Calcutta before this.

It is certain that Cawnpore has been relieved by reinforcements, and the mutineers, who were besieging Sir H. Wheeler, or the remains of them, are close to Delhi; so there is no reason why he should not have left also, though of course the Pandeas would outstrip him easily, and he cannot yet be anywhere near. Now, if we content ourselves with playing the waiting game, success is a matter of certainty: there can be no great risk of native states embarking in the struggle against us, with such a force coming up, and this is independent of what England will send out. You know I should have preferred seeing it won with a rush, but that does not seem a likelihood now. It would have prevented the burning of Agra, and some other disasters. Fancy their firing a royal salute, and playing "God save the Queen" in Delhi, in honour of the capture of the fort of Agra! The General "Sahib" announced, that it was shameful while the Neemuch force took Agra, that the whole

troops at Delhi had not succeeded in taking a single battery.

I do not think there is any idea of diminishing the force at Meerut: the Rifles would certainly like to see some of their men, their ranks have been so thinned. I wish you to tell Williams I will show his letters to Chamberlain, when I see him. He is just now commanding the troops in an action going on, on our right: all say it is a mere repetition of former fights, though this time the Pandeas promised to do, or die. The last witticism in camp is, — *Q.* What is the present real name of Delhi? *A.* Pandymonium.

Tombs' account of the affair of the 9th, when the enemy's horse rode through our camp, was torn up by Mackenzie. He had omitted to say a word about himself, so Mackenzie gave the General the true version. Hills is getting on very well: he behaved most gallantly. Shute, too, is well spoken of.

The Jeipore troops have returned to their capital, and George Harvey must have gone with them. The Mohamedans showed a wish to offer violence to the English officers in camp, but the Naga (Hindoo) regiments said they were answerable to the Maharajah for their safety, and would conduct them to Jeipore. Poor Harvey has had a hard time of it, but it is better than that he should have remained at Agra.

You must have more rain than we get. The 9th was the only thorough wet day. "Bryan" has a trick of falling down in his sleep, and in so doing hurt his leg, and it is now swollen. Wilby has not found his horse, and cannot get another. He recovered his pistol, which he dropped the same day. A Goorkha found it, and took it to his commanding officer.

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## LETTER LII.

Camp, Delhi, July 15.

I HAVE got your letters of the 12th and 13th to-day, in one sweet swoop: such days ought to be marked in the almanac as particularly propitious, but my rough calendar only discerns days by "attack on the right," "attack on the rear," and twice "assault postponed." To-day all is quiet, and though that is not what we came to seek at Delhi, still it is a relief after yesterday's rattle. I find it very difficult to sit at home when the sound of musketry is to be heard: it indicates a near attack, and one grows anxious about results; but I preferred duty to pleasure, and did not go out to the Mound till I had finished all my letters, and then I pulled up on my way to pay Captain Williams a visit, for I know how lonely and

anxious he feels when an action is going on ; but the head-quarters of the 60th were not on duty, and Eaton was with him.

On the Mound I found Tombs, Frith, Hamilton, and a lot of fellows, and we sat on the grass listening to the rise and fall of the musketry sound, and watching the shells. Our people had been ordered to keep under the shelter of the batteries and breast-works, and to allow the Pandeas to come to the attack, and to shoot them down when they were near. The firing was, therefore, nearly all on their side, as they kept at a respectful distance. About four o'clock, a column, consisting of the 1st Europeans, Coke's Rifles, and six guns, marched through the Subzehmundee to drive off the enemy, and inflict some serious damage on them. The Pandeas at once made for the town in thousands, our fellows in pursuit ; and they did not stop until they got well under range of grape from the city guns, where they suffered considerable loss, and Chamberlain, who was commanding, had the bone of his left arm splintered by a grape-shot ; no officer was killed, and few men, but the proportion of wounded was unusually large. Thompson (Artillery) was shot through the thigh, a flesh wound, and the Guides and Goorkhas each had three officers wounded ; there was nothing to do but

to retreat out of range; and the Pandeas came out again, but did not get beyond the protection of their guns, and a charge of cavalry was turned by a few musket shots from a party under Hodson, who always turns up in moments of difficulty.

We regret the needless loss, and that such a valuable fellow as Chamberlain should be disabled; but yesterday was another step towards proving to Pandey that he has not a chance of gaining his object. They came out with the avowed intention of doing something grand before the arrival of the Neemuch force, to rival the exploit of the capture of the fort at Agra, for which the Neemuch men had the credit. Every one but you, I think, view in their turn, with great complacency and satisfaction, the departure of mutineers for Delhi, and present relief from their presence, while they do not make allowance for the increasing weight this force has to bear, and give them little credit for beating back the enemy on every occasion.

I wrote to George Edmonstone again to-day: I give him full details of all that is passing before and behind the scenes. I am glad to hear Campbell arrived safe; there is a report his servants were plundered by the company of the 29th marching from Seharunpore to Delhi. Wilby and Edward

are with me talking over the affairs of the camp. We shall get on domestic matters by and by. I have received kind Ellen's parcel: she has thought of Wilby and me, and has sent some half-dozen flannel shirts for men, which will be received with gratitude, and a parcel has been sent for Private Hassam of the Lancers. I hope he is alive. Best love from us all.

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## LETTER LIIL

Camp, Delhi, July 16.

I AM glad to think I have succeeded in calming the anxieties you and L. C. have been feeling about the progress of our operations. It would have been much more agreeable to have carried everything before us at once, and more according to our usual fashion in India, but we began too hastily. General Anson, I find, would have marched on Meerut and Agra, securing all the country, and organising a suitable besieging force from the Agra magazine if he had been allowed, before approaching Delhi; but the cry was for the taking of Delhi, and his own opinions were overborne.

I have had so many interruptions to-day, I find myself writing hard against time. Yours of the 14th



has come in, and one from L. C. I gave your enclosure to Waterfield. He was lying handy on the floor of my tent, in a graceful state of indolence, with his head on a packet of futile Agra proclamations, which have been converted into pillows. I must write more at my leisure to-morrow, and answer your letter better.

General Reed is so ill and weak : he makes over the command to Brigadier Wilson, and returns to Umballa ; the change is not to be regretted, but I suppose there will be no great change in our affairs. The camp is well protected now, and supplies come in as if all were at peace.

Edward dined with me at the head-quarter mess last night, and Wilby came and sat by us after dinner. It is certainly a wonderful piece of good fortune to be all together. I wish you to take advice about going up to the Hills ; I do not know how you could travel.

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LETTER LIV.

Camp, Delhi, July 17.

I BEGIN writing before breakfast to-day ; as, for want of time, I only wrote a shabby letter yesterday. I have just come in from a visit to Tombs' tent, where

I saw Hills, and was glad to find him so far recovered : the wound has healed up entirely, and is now only a scar, but tender still ; it extends from the crown to the edge of his hair : so he will not have the advantage of carrying the proofs of his valour in evidence. His head had been shaved, and it speaks well for his face that he looks as well with, as without, hair. The tent was full of Artillery boys, all very jolly. There has been some shifting of encampments ; the danger of leaving our artillery on the extreme right, without protection, was proved on the 9th, when the Cavalry dashed into the camp : so the 75th have been placed beyond them, and the 8th occupy their ground, which is next to the head-quarter camp : so Edward will be next door now, instead of a mile off. This is a much better arrangement, and makes the camp more compact. Brigadier Wilson's appointment is a subject of general congratulation.

Colonel Curzon went to Simla yesterday ; he has no appointment in India, now General Havelock has joined in Calcutta ; but I believe he will return here when active operations are renewed. Congreve leaves to-day ; he goes, I believe, to Bombay, to Sir H. Somerset, who commands the Queen's troops in India. It is wonderful, with the changes and confusion of commands, that we get on so well as we do. The

account of the action between the Moveable Column and the 46th N. I., in the "Lahore Chronicle," does not excite much admiration. The statements are nearly correct; but only a few of the Cavalry reached our guns, and they were all killed. The column had marched sixty miles in two days, and must have been a good deal knocked up. There were 400 of the 52nd in the fight; a separate account was received from Bouchier of the Artillery by Major Scott.

An attack was promised this morning by the Pandees, but they make no sign. The improvement in our defences on the right must be vexatious to them; and when next they come out, they will be treated to mortar shells, in the place where they assemble under cover, previous to attack. Virtually we are now the besieged, but with the advantage of having our rear quite open. Supplies come in in abundance daily, and the Commissariat have got a month's supply in store, which has been purchased in camp.

Thanks for the stationery. Edward has given me a liberal supply of cheroots. One cannot help thinking occasionally of happier times, with wonder at the fund of happiness then at command; mais il ne faut pas penser à cela, quoique le désir est toujours là.

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## LETTER LV.

Camp, Delhi, July 18.

BRIGADIER Wilson's command has been inaugurated by another attack on our right; it has been going on for nearly five hours, but the firing has not been very heavy at any time, and the musketry potters and does not roll; they will be allowed to tire themselves out, firing at our breastworks and batteries, and to return with the old story, "Ces Feringhees ne bougent pas." They would have credit for perseverance if it were not that they were playing a game of desperation, and must be beat if we only hold our own.

The Brigadier and Johnson have moved into the head-quarter big tent, next door. I told the latter of your having paid his house a domiciliary visit, and he is glad you found anything to please you. He and many others wonder that with the facilities at your command you do not go to Mussoorie. The single-poled tent in which I have been living is to be put up to auction at the desire of its owner, so I must take care not to be bought out. The only purchase I have made in camp are young Barnard's clothes and hat brushes. I must have forgotten at the time I had neither clothes nor hat to brush. "Bryan" is laid up with a swollen leg; he is a pa-

tient of Mr. Owles.\* I saw Col. Custance the other day; he is annoyed with bad boils on his hand; many have them. I have got off hitherto with one or two small ones on the forehead, which do not, however, add to the general effect, and prevent one from wearing a hat easily. I like Metcalfe very much; he is a most cheery, merry fellow,—nothing puts him out.

Saunders must not blame me if he finds his office a sinecure. I did not myself see any good opening for his employment just now, but Chamberlain laid great stress upon it; and now Chamberlain is disabled he may not get the military support, which would have alone rendered him useful. Wilby has not been able to get another horse, but he has borrowed one from the Affghan, who pressed him to take it.

This morning at daybreak Wilby was out reconnoitring outside the Metcalfe picket, and came on a Pandy sentry fast asleep. His object was to gag him, so that no alarm should be given, but Pandy was too strong, and he had to run his sword through him; but a stupid soldier nearly spoilt everything by firing a shot into the wretch. However, his Pandy picket must have been asleep too, for no one

\* Veterinary Surgeon of the Carabineers.

showed, and Wilby was able to finish his reconnaissance. His shirt was all torn in the struggle. General Barnard promised to express his acknowledgment to Wilby for having furnished him with plans of attack, but his sudden death prevented his doing it, and now General Reed has gone away without mentioning Wilby either; this is hard, for he paid the usual compliments to the staff.

I have only heard of one casualty on our side, — a young engineer named Jones, who has lost a leg. The firing has become desultory. All letters to Camp are delivered free of postage, but I had better have some stamps for letters I write. I shall scarcely know Meerut again, bristling with fortifications.

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#### LETTER LVI.

Camp, Delhi, July 19.

AFTER I had despatched my post and received another, and read yours and Mrs. Cookson's letters of the 16th, I went up to the Mound to pass the rest of the day in company, for the sound of musketry, when one is alone and ignorant of all that is passing, is very fidgetting. The action was fought out, with little loss on our side, and the Pandeas attacked with less spirit than before.

It is almost impossible to get their guns, for they keep them well in the rear, on the "pukka" road, and withdraw them under the protection of the city walls when our people advance. Lieut. Crozier of the 75th was killed, and five men, and a few were wounded. The results were considered more satisfactory than usual. The Pandeas pledged themselves to carry on the attack for four successive days, and there has been a semblance of a renewal of it to-day, but the troops are only kept in readiness, and there is no musketry.

A Joan of Arc was made prisoner yesterday; she is said to have shot one of our men, and to have fought desperately. She is a "Jehadin," a religious fanatic, and sports a green turban, and was probably thought to be inspired. She is to be sent prisoner to Umballa.

I cannot find out that there is any determination to send the women and children away from Meerut. Chamberlain and Norman know nothing about it. Wilson would like it to be done, but as General Penny is his senior officer, he cannot order the exodus. The Governor-General has directed the removal of such non-combatants from the Bengal stations to Calcutta, or at least free passage is to be given down the river, and no passage up. Still there

seems to be an idea that it would be better if you were all away, and the idea of your going grows upon me. I do not like to dwell upon it, but it is certain we must be content to remain here for a good time longer, for the force coming from below must dispose of mutineers belonging to the Oude, Cawnpore, and Benares divisions before they come on. There are a good many regiments within that circle, but they have no fort or arsenal.

I cannot imagine who could have invented the story of the Putteeala Raja taking charge of Meerut, but I am satisfied it is quite untrue, and that we shall always keep sufficient men at Meerut for the defence of the place. Its maintenance is quite essential to our authority in the Doab. Wilson and every one are of this opinion.

The Pandeas have gone back, having apparently fulfilled their pledge of coming out four days in succession, and are now showing themselves outside and firing a few shots. There was a report that the advance pickets at Metcalfe's house had been mined, mysterious noises underground being heard at night. But there is a deep ravine between it and the city, which could not well be dug under, and a shaft has been dug down near the spot, and no trace of a



mine is discovered. It is supposed the noise is made by bats in some hollow.

I have had so many interruptions to-day I have no time to write to any one else, and you must thank L. C. for her letter.

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## LETTER LVII.

Camp, Delhi, July 20.

I RECEIVED your letter of the 17th after post time yesterday. Wilby has a great faculty of taking just as much sleep as he likes. I have seen him come in and say, "I can give myself three hours' rest," and he goes off at once and does not lose a minute. Edward was not in either of the last actions. On the 14th, his regiment was in reserve, and on the 18th he was field officer of the day, and his duty kept him at the Flagstaff Tower. The Subzehmundee was held by a picket of the regiment.

It is a great pity that the bandsmen have been placed in the ranks; they were useful in carrying wounded and attending on the sick, and I do not think the effect of martial strains on men ought to be despised. Of course every time there is an action, after its close a long string of "Doolies" come into camp. If the curtains are down, there is no use in

asking the fate of the inmate. It is noble the way in which wounded men look up at a passer by, with such an air of defiance at pain. I am glad to hear the French part of the expeditionary China force is to come to India; I should like to be appointed commissioner with it. Such an office would lead to more honour than is to be gained by a civilian with English troops.

Wilby has been reappointed Aide-de-Camp by Brigadier Wilson, and the omission of his name in General Reed's farewell order is to be rectified.

The attack yesterday came to nothing. It has been renewed again to-day; but it is past noon, and the little musketry fire that was heard at first has died away. I believe they thoroughly despair of taking our batteries. They find the position stronger every day. Wilby has been busy last night and this morning in putting up jumps on the roads leading to the front, by which the Pandy cavalry could make a rush at our front. I think they will be disconcerted if they try such an attack, but the ground being open, is swept by our guns for a long distance.

We hear that the Meerut District Volunteers and Rifles have had a grand success, and that Shahmul's\* head is decorating the Barote Bazaar; but I cannot

\* A notorious rebel.

get hold of Saunders, from whom the news came, to verify it. General Chamberlain's wound is a bad one; big splinters of bone were taken out, but he is not likely to lose his arm: he has suffered intense pain, and no one could bear it better.

The latest news from Agra is of the 13th: all quiet, and the screams for reinforcements have subsided. It is thought a pity they did not attack the village at once, instead of allowing their battery to be pounded while the infantry was lying down; instead of retiring they should have sent for more ammunition, for the Pandeas were in full flight. It is a comfort to know the 46th, and 14th N. I., have been so entirely demolished. The Gwalior Contingent will, I believe, end by remaining at Gwalior: they do not like leaving the fort, and the Maharajah does his best to induce them to stay. The King of Delhi has written to the mutineers at Lucknow to come here, and assist in taking the batteries. This will only expedite the arrival of our reinforcements.

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LETTER LVIII

Camp, Delhi, July 21.

I WAS interrupted by the receipt of a letter from the city from "my own correspondent," which informs

me, among other things, that two regiments of infantry, one of cavalry, and four guns, were sent yesterday from Delhi to Bagput, to stop our communications. But I think they must have heard of Shahmul's defeat, and they probably go in hopes of cutting off our detachment. It is not the least likely they will succeed in doing this, and a trustworthy messenger, whom I sent yesterday with a letter to Dunlop, will carry him the news, which he must pick up on the road, if Dunlop is still out in the district; but the facility with which these fellows can invade the Meerut district, points out the propriety of all the English retiring from Meerut to a safer place, who do not assist in the defence; and I feel now confirmed in the idea that you had better go to Mussoorie while the road is still open; it will be an anxiety the less on my mind, and if you join Ellen I shall feel that the best has been done for your safety. I hope Mrs. Cookson will also go.

I have observed some surprise in my friends of late, that I have left you so long at Meerut. I cannot give you much advice about the journey: you would find Philip at Seharunpore; but the sooner it is got over the better, for I should not be at ease until I received a letter from "Glenlyon."

The attack was renewed in the afternoon yester-

day, but came to nothing, and our loss was very trifling. They showed themselves again to-day without, I fancy, advancing very far, and there has scarcely been any firing. They pledge themselves to fight four days in succession.

You must take care to have a safe escort on your journey. The Bombay cart would be a good conveyance if arrangements for bullocks were made. I will ask Williams to assist you.

We hear for certain that Cawnpore has been re-occupied by our troops, and that the Nana has fled; and it is stated with some confidence that the 64th, 78th, and 1st European Fusileers have left Cawnpore. Sir J. Lawrence is sending us 900 more English troops, and a Beloch battalion. I wrote a long letter yesterday. I hope the post-master did not experimentalise on the Bagput road.

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LETTER LIX.

Camp, Delhi, July 22.

YOUR letter of the 19th has just been brought to me by Waterfield; there were two camp bores in my tent at the time, so I would not ask him to stay. I am alone now in the tent. Wilby has had to take up his quarters in the Sapper lines: he foresaw the day

would come, but did not move until ordered. I wished to get Shute as a companion, but he has got a tent of his own in the centre street now : he had been talking of leaving his former quarters, as his chum had admitted two others ; there is no one else at liberty to live where he likes whom I would ask. I shall hardly see less of Wilby than before, he was so constantly out ; but I miss his cot, and the chance of seeing him oftener.

I have not committed myself to tell any one that you are positively going to the Hills ; but I should like to know you were, and your going must now depend on how far you think you can conveniently conform with this wish.

I shall be glad to hear of the safe return of the gallant volunteers without further casualties : they have done the district a great service in ridding it of Shahmul. He was an *insurgé* when the country belonged to Begum Sumroo, and had not forgotten his old tricks, and though far advanced in years, became at once the acknowledged leader of the disaffected. I am anxious for particulars of their operations, for sending out reinforcements looks as if they had more work on their hands, and the march of the Delhi troops will not have left them much time.

I am afraid, from all I hear, that the small force at

Cawnpore has met with some disaster. Probably in hopes of saving the lives of the women, General Wheeler entered into a treaty with the Nana, under which he was to withdraw, and proceed down the river: he was certainly attacked in his boats, but we do not know precisely what destruction was effected. It was a shameful act of treachery, and adds one more dark page to this eventful tragedy. This occurred, I think, on the 25th; it is probable that Colonel Neil's Brigade, 64th, 78th, and Madras Fusileers, reached Cawnpore on the 4th or 5th. My city correspondent says positively, that Cawnpore had been reoccupied, and that the villanous Nana had fled. I think we only once staid in the scoundrel's house, on the occasion of the Bithoor Picnic.

Apart from this calamity the news is decidedly good. We know now that the reinforcements from the eastward are a reality and must be here, if we only allow them time; and there is nothing the Pandeas can do to prevent that, while the Punjab is sending down troops that must be here in ten days or so. We understand the 52nd Light Infantry, and either a wing of the 61st or the 8th, form the English part of the force. This addition to our number will enable the Brigadier to take up points of position that will shut up the Pandeas almost entirely. They did nothing yesterday beyond showing themselves.

This morning, between three and four o'clock, our Sappers blew up a temple in our advanced picket,—the Rammy Sammy House—as it was in the way. This caused an alarm in the city, and a tremendous fire of grape and musketry was poured from the walls. It was thought at first to be a night attack. The Neemuch troops do not seem inclined to come this way; they do not like marching without ammunition.

In ten days I feel sure that what I said about the tide turning will be verified, when our reinforcements, now on their road, come up. I spoke to-day for the first time to young Blunt, of the Umballa Artillery. He is a brother of Shirleyana, if not a regular “Wallop”-er. Chamberlain was badly wounded; to add to his sufferings he has boils on his shoulder, and cannot turn either way.

One has grown somewhat callous to death in any shape, in action or in hospital, but there is still feeling enough for the accidental death of Captain Greensill, of the 24th Queen's, to cause a sensation. He was employed as a field engineer, and was sent out to reconnoitre at night, while another party went in another direction. Greensill got round, and came in front of the other party, who, mistaking him for an enemy, and getting, as they thought, no answer



to their challenge, fired at him, and the bullet passed through his stomach, and he died a few hours after. He was a nice, active, chirruping little fellow, and is much regretted.

Light has been unwell; his work is very hard. There are not sufficient Foot Artillery officers to furnish regular relief in the batteries. There are twelve on duty, and, at present, only seven off, so five have to take a double turn; and there is no shelter either from sun or rain. I strolled down this morning to Tombs' tent, and had a long talk. Hills was looking very jolly. Love to L. C.

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LETTER LX.

Camp, Delhi, July 23.

THE Kurnaul post-bag was brought in while we were at mess. Among the mass I fished out yours of the 21st, and got the one of the 20th this morning, so that your file is now complete. I will say no more about your going to the Hills, and you may rest assured no sudden order will be issued for the migration of all, or any. I have not much faith in the Bagput road remaining open.

The number of officers who have had to leave the camp on account of sickness is very small—not above

two or three—so the general health must be pretty good. Certainly Edward, Wilby, and I were never better. I find I cannot wear a Crimean shirt, it irritates me so much, as I have never worn flannel. Shute is in the same predicament. I see more of him now. He lives at head-quarters, and dines with us. His brother is coming up with the 64th. He is such a lazy fellow; he made a brother officer, a stranger to Deane, write his letter announcing his arrival at Calcutta.

Yesterday the Pandeas made a great display of their running powers, and as the city walls and palace tops were crowded with spectators, they cannot have much boast left in them. I am quite sorry to have missed the sight. Colonel Seton is doing well. It is uncertain whether Money will have to lose his leg.

It is impossible to speculate on the date of the probable arrival of Havelock's force. I am afraid we must cease to talk about Wheeler until we know for certain that they have left Cawnpore, and there is no reliable information on that point. I trust poor little Daniell may have escaped. I should grieve much at the sacrifice of his bright life. I have had a long kind letter from Philip. It must be dull work for him at Seharunpore without any official employment.

Nobody in camp has ever seen such campaigning as they are now going through. Men who had served through all the late Indian campaigns were saying, last night, they had never heard the alarm—the signal to turn out—sounded in camp. Here the note is well known, and must have been sounded thirty or forty times. The moment it rings from the bugle, you see our fellows who happen to be away from their own encampments rushing at the top of their speed to their own tents to accoutre themselves. No trace of flagging can be discovered; and they look as unconcerned as if they were going to a common parade. The Punjabees say that any man who escapes this campaign will have become so “pukka” nothing will hurt him. It is a pity that shot fired by such a set of miscreants should tell as well as if they were worthy opponents.

I do not feel any objection to the French coming up. It would not have done to have *asked* them; but as they were embarked on a joint expedition to China with us, it would have been ungracious to have refused their offer. Old Jan Fishan had said he was sure all the seven “Topees”\* of Europe would join us if necessary.

\* Topees (crowns), an oriental symbol of the united power of Europe.

## LETTER LXI.

Camp, Delhi, July 25.

THIS has been a thorough wet day, and no one stirs in camp, and everything is silent without. One might suppose oneself on Salisbury Plain, but for the sight of an unhappy-looking camel, and of an occasional dripping native, passing the tent door. Within all is dry and snug, and, as there would be nothing else to do, or to amuse one, if it were fine, why it does not much signify about its raining, except that the post will be delayed.

It is a great disappointment to Edward that no more of his regiment is to come down. They are to continue to garrison Umballa, Phillour, and Jul-lundhur. He has not above 150 effective men here, so the 8th cannot do much by themselves. I shall be very glad to see the 52nd, and to meet Campbell and Synge. Mrs. S. is living in a barrack at Lahore. I fancy they are very much crowded.

I wrote a long letter to George Edmonstone to-day, giving him a full account of the events of the last ten days: my narratives will be of old date by the time they reach, but they will probably have nothing fresher. I see there was a notice of

our action of the 30th May, on the Hinden, in the Calcutta paper. I suppose the despatches will be published there. If every combat is chronicled they will have enough of it.

All the cavil against Mr. Colvin, about his proclamation, arises out of a mistake. He began by saying, "All Sepoys who lay down their arms at once, will be pardoned;" and in the third paragraph, "that the instigators of the mutiny, and those personally guilty of crimes, would be punished." The Calcutta papers supposed that the third paragraph referred to people who were not Sepoys, and therefore that all Sepoys would be pardoned, however guilty. But it is quite certain he meant the third paragraph to specify the exceptions to the pardon offered in the first.

The Engineers lost a promising young officer yesterday, Lieutenant Jones; his leg had been taken off by a round shot, some days ago, and he sunk from fever: Wilby regrets him much. I did not think of telling our people at home to write by Lahore. In two months more I hope we shall have our lines open again.

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## LETTER LXII.

Camp, Delhi, July 26.

THE Meerut post-bag of the 24th, by Bagput, was detained a little by the rain, but I got your letter after dinner, and I hope we shall continue to pass our mails by that route.

I believe the best way will be to make as little military show as possible. Troops from Delhi will not like to make such a long march for the purpose of picking up a stray mail-bag; small detachments would not go out, and large ones would not stay to intercept the post merely, whereas they might be tempted out if there was a military post they thought they could overpower. The people at Bagput seem disposed now to keep the ferry open; and I hope the example of Shahmul, followed as it has been by that of the Sirdhanah insurgent, will bring our lieges to their senses, by satisfying them we have power left to strike hard. We are beginning to get news from below, and the first intelligence, as was to be expected, tells of many ruthless murders.

At Futtehghur, Probyn and his wife and children may have escaped, but the remainder, military and civil, have, I fear, fallen. At Futtehpoore, Robert

Tucker\* courted death: he would not leave the place when Sherer and others went to Banda. From Banda they proceeded, along with Mayne† and others, to Mirzapore, and reached it in safety; but poor young Cockerell‡, who was at an out-station, has fallen, and Loyd§ and Donald Grant||, at Humeerpore, met the same fate. We cannot hear yet what happened in Oude, but I am afraid it is certain that Christian and his wife were killed. I feel no doubt now about Cawnpore. We had already heard of Allahabad; Captain Birch is the only name we know among the dead. I hope his wife and her sister may have been elsewhere.

Nothing has occurred here since the 23rd. Our position must have grown daily more and more ugly in the eyes of the Pandeas; and as they can no longer pick off our fellows without danger to themselves, owing to our having breast-works, and their cover having been removed, they do not think it so amusing to come out.

Wilby was out all day in the sun yesterday,

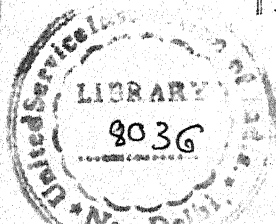
\* Judge of Futtehpore.

† Collector and Magistrate of Banda.

‡ Joint Magistrate of Banda.

§ Collector and Magistrate of Humeerpore.

|| In civil employ at Humeerpore.



hedging and ditching, and is out again to-day. He came in late to dinner, and was very jolly.

July 26, 4 P.M.

I must write another line, to tell you that news has arrived from Agra of Havelock having gained a signal victory over the Nana, at Futtehpoore. On the 14th, he took twelve guns, and seven lacs of treasure (more or less), and entered Cawnpore on the 16th. The Maharajah of Gwalior wrote and congratulated the Lieutenant-Governor on this victory.

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#### LETTER LXIII.

Camp, Delhi, July 27.

I THINK the cheery news I sent you yesterday from Agra may be relied upon. The congratulations of the Gwalior Durbar confirmed the story of the Cossid, and also convey the agreeable news that the Maharajah is strong enough to remain our friend, notwithstanding the presence of the Gwalior Contingent. If he can keep those fellows back he will have rendered us a most important service.

I have no doubt about Havelock gaining brilliant and complete successes. In all our fights we have laboured under the disadvantage of the Pandeas



having Delhi to run into ; but for that I believe they would never have stopped as long as their long legs could carry them, and that is no small distance ; as it was, in many instances they threw away their shoes, and havresacks, and belts, to aid their flight.

Edward has had letters from home by the 10th June mail. All are well ; and, at the moment of writing, were in happy ignorance of what had befallen us. I have not a line from any one, except a letter from dear Ellen,—a nice, kind, long letter, telling me all about the children. I mentioned to Hills that Phil.\* has drawn a picture of him protecting the guns.

Young Barnard writes from Mooltan that an officer there had heard from his mother from Paris of a report having reached of every single Christian soul in Meerut, Delhi, and Umballa having been killed. It is grievous to think what anxiety must have prevailed, and will continue, in many quarters. The Calcutta papers mention that the gallant Samuel Fisher† was murdered by his own men. Nothing

\* Philip, son of P. C. Trench, Esq., Judge of Seharunpore, a child only nine years old, who has talent for depicting any striking incident of battle or the chase.

† Lieutenant-Colonel S. Fisher, of Her Majesty's Service, but for many years Commandant of the 15th Regiment of Irregular Cavalry, an officer of great merit, who understood the character as well as the languages of the natives of Upper India.

surpasses the atrocity of that deed, as far as the killing of men is concerned. Who could have devoted himself more entirely to his regiment, and who possessed more noble and endearing qualities, than Fisher? The sight of a Pandy or of a Hindostanee Irregular horseman gives me a turn; they are a loathsome race.

When you send the coolie, let me have an umbrella. You see my wants are increasing. Wilby is very much employed; I have scarcely seen him for three or four days. Edward has been sitting in my tent for some time; he writes his letters here. I should not be surprised if Sir John Lawrence laid hands on John Campbell, and insisted on his going to Hissar.

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LETTER LXIV.

Camp, Delhi, July 28.

THIS was to have been a noisy day; but no one has stirred out of the city, and the camp is quite quiet. It appears quite strange to have had no fighting for five full days, and our fellows will begin to think they are badly used. There is a lull in everything—wind and news included—and there is probably a good deal of sleep going on in camp. I have not

seen young Gough of the 8th Irregulars ; and unless brought together by messing in company, one has little chance of making new acquaintances.

An officer of the 75th spoke to me at the Round Tower, and said he had staid with the 70th at Cawnpore. I fancied, somehow, his name was Rivers ; and hearing a few days after that Rivers had died of cholera, I thought my new acquaintance had come to an end, and it took me quite by surprise to see my friend at the Artillery mess on Sunday : he must now remain nameless : I will make no more guesses, and shall not ask him.

I like Garstin ; he manages the head-quarter mess : and Major Daly, a Bombay officer who commands the Guides, and is still laid up of his wound ; he has a tent in the street. The specialty of the Meerut Artillery mess has been sacrificed since the concession of having table-cloths was made to Light's sense of propriety. The Brigadier and Johnson no longer dine there, and on Sunday I found neither Tombs nor Frith, which was not encouraging. I am to dine with Edward Campbell at the Rifles, when he is off picket, which I think will be to-morrow.

He has always got some new story : his last is of a Rifleman telling him he didn't half like the new breastworks, as men now only get hit in the

head! The fellow must have come from Campbell's country.

I have written a long letter to Ellen to day, and I hope to have persuaded her that there is no cause of alarm for the safety of Mussoorie. She asked my opinion about it; and no wonder, when the complaint of the community is that Keene does not evince sufficient sense of danger.

I am really quite deeply concerned at your having lost the locket with poor dear Bob's\* hair. It is so hard, after you had lost so many valuables without repining, that you should lose such a precious relic, which you had worn in such faithful remembrance of the dear fellow. We all three dined together at the head-quarters. Edward likes coming there; it is more lively than his own mess. To-day he is field officer of the day, and has to pass his time at the Flagstaff Tower. I paid him a visit this morning, and shall go and see him again towards sunset.

The views now over Delhi are superb, the outlines are so clear. I suppose it is hot and dirty at the Dum Dummer now at service time. You might go to the hospital service in the morning or evening. Is De Bourbel about yet? and do any of the poor

\* The late Robert Greathed, a brother, who died at Simla in 1851.

fellows who have lost legs and arms go about? *they* would not have objected to breastworks. You will understand that, as the men's heads are now alone unprotected, that the number of hits is very much smaller.

I saw Innes yesterday, after missing him for some time: he has suffered a good deal from the cut in his hand: the inflammation ran up his arm. He is very uncomplaining, and puts the best face on everything.

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## LETTER LXV.

Camp, Delhi, July 29.

SINCE the rains set in more heavily, the Meerut post by Bagput is somewhat later; but it still beats the Kurnaul route by twelve hours. Yours of the 27th came in this morning. No one could cause less anxiety than you do; for you conjure up no imaginary evils, and put the best face on real ones: but the receipt of your letter is still the confirmation of the hopeful assurance that all is well, and cannot be dispensed with. I suppose the sense that we are serving the cause by getting merely through time, aids in making the life tolerable.

I get up between five and six, go out for a ride, or

walk, or lounge over to Edward's or Tombs' tent, or to the knot of gossips who sit daily before Colonel Thompson's tent in the street. We breakfast at half-past eight, and when that is over, I have writing to employ me till three, when there comes a difficult bit of time to get over till five or six, when the turn for riding or strolling comes back, and then mess, and then to bed. On fighting days the course is a little altered; but the Pandeas do not appear inclined to afford a renewal of the old topics of conversation. They engaged to turn out yesterday, and two or three regiments were accoutred for the purpose to-day, but no one came out. They are urged to try once more to drive us away, by promises of high rewards, in money and land; but they have their reasonable doubts whether such promises will be kept if they survive, and no doubts of their inutility if they fall. So that promises have not much effect, and the hopes of ultimate success must grow weaker daily.

The issue of the Festival of the Eed, when Hindoo and Mussulman prejudices come into such direct antagonism, must be looked to with some anxiety by their leaders. It will take place in three or four days.

The tide is beginning to turn, and the waves already beat with less force against the rock of our

defence. I think the part borne by this army will look well in history, when all opposing difficulties are fairly considered. It might have been more brilliant, but if a reverse had taken place, the results would have been terrible; and it is now pretty clear that delay will not be fatal to the empire; and I think the dates on which outbreaks and massacres took place elsewhere will show that they did not ensue because Delhi was not taken on our arrival. I think they all occurred while our army was advancing.

There is no fathoming the imbecility and the brutality of the native character. Their characteristic is to do the wrong thing at the wrong time. The tale in the "Lahore Chronicle" of the Hissar massacre alone would stir the English people to fury. I hope the ministers treated the news received by telegraph of our 10th of May with more care than their speeches portrayed. The next mail will be vastly interesting.

I saw Edward this morning; Wilby is rarely to be met with, and I looked for him yesterday, both in the Sapper Lines and in the Subzehmundee. I met M'Neill there, improving the defences. Every house in the place must have some tale of sanguinary conflict. We occupy strong posts now in it, which prevent the Pandeas from establishing themselves in

the "pukka" houses. Money and Thompson, of the Artillery, are doing well, and all the wounded I know of seem to recover well.

I have a letter from Mr. Colvin of the 24th. It gives no fresh news, and they had had no direct communication with General Havelock's camp up to that date, but the truth of former reports is not doubted.

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LETTER LXVI.

Camp, Delhi, July 30.

THE post came in yesterday evening, and gave me your letter of the 28th. Hugh Gough arrived this morning; and as the bulkier letter is with his things, and they are behind, the post has had it easy. I caught a sight of him as he was passing my tent, and was just in time to introduce him to Hodson, his new commanding officer. I was glad to see the boy so soon; he will find plenty of friends in camp. He got over the journey without much difficulty, and found the country quite quiet. Two, of the few exemplary troopers of the 3rd Cavalry, deserted on the march, and took the road to Delhi; they will find their regiment considerably diminished in numbers since they parted at Meerut; and it is difficult



to conceive why men who have kept so long out of the scrape, should now plunge into it.

I had a letter from Muir. They were still without any despatches from Cawnpore; but they had reliable reports that an action had been fought there on the 17th, in which the Nana was again completely defeated, and that our troops marched on to Lucknow and Futteghur. They have the same news in the city.

It seems quite unnatural to be so long without a visit from the Pandeas. We have reason to believe that they find their plans of getting to our rear are not feasible, and they are reduced to the old mode of attack, which has its disadvantages, and is not likely to appear more agreeable from delay, for our engineers are not idle. Shute has hard work in keeping the camp in order, having few workmen at his command; but he is active himself, and is constantly about. Innes' horse, that was wounded at Ghazeeudeen in the head, has got well again, and his master seems all right.

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## LETTER LXVII.

Camp, Delhi, July 31.

It was a great pleasure on returning from the Rifles' mess yesterday evening, to find yours of the 29th, with letters from my dear mother and your kind father. They will be the last that will be written for some time in such a hopeful tone; it is as well they did not at once fathom the depth of the dangers and horrors successive mails will relate. This morning I got your letter of the 28th, and the three parcels entrusted to Gough; it was by no fault of his I did not receive them sooner. Dr. Macrae, too, has sent me the package of flannel: so everything has come to hand.

The Pandeas turned out this morning, and we could see them from the Mound marching along the distant ridge to our right; they were gone to restore the broken bridges; they will have a wet day of it, and find the country difficult to move through, for it is raining in torrents. Our moveable column is to go out at seven this evening, to operate against them. There have been slight attacks during the day on our right, to divert our attention, I suppose, from what is going on elsewhere; but our Brigadier is

wide awake, and not likely to be taken by surprise. The troops were turned out unnecessarily just before the rain came on, owing to a corps of Irregulars sounding the assembly for a regimental turn-out, instead of giving the order by word of mouth. It resounded in an instant in every camp, and all turned out. By rights, the "alarm" and "assembly" ought to be first sounded in the head-quarter camp, and then taken up by others; the "reveillée" and "retraite" are the only regimental calls allowed.

We have no further news of Agra, or elsewhere, but fugitives from Cawnpore have arrived in the city, and their statements, as reported to us, confirm all we have before heard. I rode with Edward yesterday to the battle-field of Badlee Sarai: he was much interested at having the various localities pointed out to him, for he marched over it, without knowing the locale. The spot where Light's guns were brought into action, near which I was looking on, seems, now the atmosphere is clear, uncomfortably near the enemy's battery. The ground over which the 75th advanced, is now a swamp, but it looks as if we could have turned the enemy's left flank with infantry, and beaten them with less loss. Marching straight up the road, we took the bull regularly by the horns. However we won, which is always the great point.

I hope Julius Glyn will hear enough before he leaves to induce him to leave his bride at home. Your father little thought of our homeless condition when he gave letters to Captain and Mrs. Lindsay. His kind wishes for poor M'Nabb\* bring back his brutal murder; I can never think of it without emotion. Edward is to have 200 more men down. He brought down 240 only; and what with camp guards, sick, wounded and dead, he cannot muster more than 160. The reinforcements will be very welcome, and he will now have complete companies. They went off in such a hurry from Jullundhur, that they did not relieve the guards, and thus the companies got mixed. Edward has got two volumes of "Sir Charles Napier's Life" in camp,—the last two, which are not so agreeable as the two first, which tell of his career before coming to India. Wilby is taking advantage of the rain to have a sleep.

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LETTER LXVIII.

Camp, Delhi, August 1.

I HAD hardly hoped to get a letter from you even this morning, it had rained so heavily and continu-

\* See note, page xv. of Preface.

ously since yesterday afternoon ; but yours of the 30th gladdened me this morning, and something cheering was very welcome, for the rain poured in torrents till one to-day, and I had to paddle over to the breakfast tent. The camp seemed under water while the rain lasted, but it has already run off. Towards evening yesterday I received a letter from my city correspondent, written in haste over night, to announce that 10,000 Pandeas were about to leave the city with the intention of reconstructing the Bussee bridge, and of attacking us in the rear, while the remainder, on a given signal, attacked the front. The delivery of the letter was delayed, by the bearer being pressed by a Sepoy to carry a load ; but the march of the Pandeas had been observed in the morning, as they deferred their departure till it was too late for them to escape our look-out. The rain drove back a good many, and the project broke down. There are some still out, I hear, but the Brigadier is wide awake, and not to be taken by surprise. A large convoy, with treasure, powder, &c., arrived safely this morning from Kurnaul ; so they are baulked if they looked to that, and we have 500 more Goorkhas, who are a valuable reinforcement.

There has been some fighting up at the batteries, and the troops in camp were under arms, but had not

to turn out. By the 15th of this month, we shall have received important reinforcements from the Punjab, and may be able to do something worth talking about. I am glad to have got into August, for it is only with the aid of time that we can hope to progress. I do not think Innes could have been serious in his notion of paying Meerut a visit; many would like it, and I could name one who if he consulted his inclinations only would not be long in starting, but we are all slaves to the soil of the camp at present, unless ordered to depart. Having embarked in this career, I must carry through, and I think I should have bitten my lip if any one else had been nominated in my stead.

The Sowars who have reached the city from Cawnpore give dismal accounts of their defeat; they estimate the slaughter at 10,000. They tell terrific tales of the Highlanders; they say they are men in petticoats, who come from Ceylon and are cannibals, to whom the Goorkhas are mere mice. The feeling of late against the Sepoy race has grown in strength, since we have read the shocking accounts that have lately reached us: "Morte ai Pandi" is the motto everywhere, and it will be carried out. I shall read with some impatience the excuses that will be set up for the mutiny.

I was grieved to hear that a letter from Agra mentioned poor Prendergast's death. How lonely his poor wife will feel: they neither had a relation in India; she will not want for friends at Agra in her distress, but her trial will be severe. You must not be too venturesome in your rides.

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## LETTER LXIX.

Camp, Delhi, August 2.

I MUST not find much fault with the rain for stopping the Meerut post, for it has rendered us the important service of quite discomfiting the designs of the Pandeas to throw themselves on our rear. They started on the 31st with 10,000 men, and fifty cart-loads of materials for bridge-building, and got down to the cut\*, and the camp were rather impatient at the Brigadier allowing them to carry out their intentions without obstruction; but the fact was, that the ground between the camp and the sites of the bridges is so marshy, that artillery could not be sent, while the Pandeas, who marched along the roads that passed over the bridges, had comparatively easy lines of march, and it seemed impossible to stop them, un-

\* Of the canal.

til they came round on our line of road to the rear. But the floods stood our friend, and washed away the bridges they had put up, and carried the material down to our camp, so the Pandeas had to return somewhat disgusted at their failure, and it is not likely they will be able to organise such an expedition again for some time, and in the interval we shall have troops enough to put them in a fix.

As that plan failed, they took again to their old form of attack, but turned day into night, and assailed the right flank without intermission, from 5 p. m. to 6 a. m. this morning. It was an incessant cannonade and musketade all night, but they made nothing of it, and whenever they summoned courage to make a rush at our batteries and breastworks, they were received with volleys of grape and musketry that sent them back flying. They are at it again to-day, but it is becoming so inconsequent that no notice is taken of it, and notwithstanding all the din and rattle on the ridge, the camp throughout the night was as quiet as a churchyard, though of course the slumbers of many were disturbed. They must begin to despair of making any impression upon our position, now that their pet schemes have been disconcerted, and they must feel that their chances of success are daily diminishing.



I have a letter of the 27th, from Mr. Colvin; they were still without letters, but there were credible reports of Bithoor having been burnt by our people, and I hope an example was made of its infamous population.

Major Scott had a very narrow escape from a shell yesterday : he was standing by his horse on the ridge, looking through his glass, when a shell fell close by him, and burst as it touched the ground. I saw his horse running off, and saw him on the ground, but he got up and walked on, and I saw him riding by just now, so I suppose he is not hurt. I was on the General's Mound at the time, and the explosion drew my attention, and we heard afterwards who it was, and that a man of the Fusileers had been wounded by a piece of the shell. The river is at high flood, but the bridge still stands.

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LETTER LXX.

Camp, Delhi, August 3.

I WAS very glad to get your letter of the 31st this morning, and with two rivers between us, we must be content in such weather to put up with a little delay. It is sloppy again to-day, in fact raining cats and dogs

just now, and grey all round. The health of the camp has decidedly improved since the rain fell, and as after the miserable failures of the enemy to do us material injury, we may without presumption feel ourselves secure from the hands of man, I hope it will please God to ensure our safety by averting all great sickness. There is certainly among all who are not positively ill a much greater look of health than is generally seen in a cantonment at this time of the year; there is none of that appearance of lassitude men assume in quiet quarters, when everything seems a bore and an exertion. It was a decided comfort getting a quiet rest last night, after the turmoil of the preceding one, and I hope the Pandeas got a sickener of night attacks. They estimate their losses heavily in the city: the accoutrements found on the dead that were left, showed that the Neemuch force had to bear the brunt; so they have now all had their turn of defeat, and must be at a loss what to do next.

At a council held yesterday, a Moulvee had the courage to tell them they knew they had mutinied for their own aggrandisement and not for religion, and that as they could not hope for victory they had better endeavour to get terms. But they have not even that hope to trust to, and nothing but death

stares them in the face. It is a good satire on the Mahomedans fighting for their faith, that at this Eed, under the Mahomedan king, no one was permitted to sacrifice a cow, and that the king did not venture to go, as formerly, in state to the Jumma Musjid, and was obliged to perform the ceremonies within the palace walls. Altogether they must feel that the ruin in which they wished to involve us is recoiling on their own heads.

Wilby has got his flannel, and is much obliged to you. He is a luxurious fellow, and has contrived to pick up a feather pillow, and makes a great point of having pickles at dinner, and keeps the mess servants in order. We have everything very good except soup, for as the "khansumah" does not know how many members and guests are going to dine, he has sometimes to "allonger" the soup with an infusion of water.

You would be amused with Sir Edward Campbell's costume; it is all flannel of different colours, and put on without the slightest regard to appearance. He carries a number of pouches about him, and a Seikh had been examining them, in their cool off-hand manner: a gunner resenting such familiarity towards an officer, said to Campbell, with a proper appreciation of the times, "We are obliged to bend to cir-

cumstances now; at any other time I would have knocked that fellow's —— head off." I am afraid the point of the story is in the true reading of the dash; the urbanity of the opening is in such contrast with the coarseness of the conclusion of the speech, so I had better have kept it to myself. Innes dined with me last night. I must ask Gough, when I next see him. I met Hills riding yesterday; it was the first time he had been out on horseback.

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LETTER LXXI.

Camp, Delhi, August 4.

SOON after the post closed, a messenger sent out from this camp to Cawnpore on the 16th July, returned with a letter from General Havelock dated 25th, and written from the Lucknow side of the Ganges. He had already beaten the rebels in four engagements, at Futtehpore, Aoon, Pandoh Nullah, and Cawnpore, and had taken twenty-three guns. He was on his way to relieve Lucknow, having in the interval destroyed Bithoor.

Another messenger arrived about the same time from Agra, bringing a copy of a letter from Havelock to Muir, dated 18th July, confirming, without giving details, the news of the entire destruction of

General Wheeler's force, and giving the heavy tidings that Sir H. Lawrence died on the 4th July, of a wound received on the 2nd. Some still have hopes, as this loss is not mentioned in the later letter, and the messenger knew nothing of it, that the news may be incorrect, but I think it is useless to discredit it. He will be a great loss in the administration, and there will be a difficulty in filling his place, but it is a comfort to know it did not affect the safety of Lucknow, for Havelock was able to take his time in relieving it, and we may hope soon to hear of his having broken up the rebel force in Oude. I think myself that we shall not have to wait for his arrival to finish the work before us here, and I should not be surprised if the 31st or 1st were to see us masters of Delhi.

The effects of the Pandees failing to make any impression on our position after having received their last reinforcements are already visible. To cover the disgrace of their failure they for the first time exaggerate their losses, and estimate them at 3000 men, and they openly tell the king they have no chance of taking our batteries, and numbers are asking for leave to return to their homes to protect their families, as their safety is endangered by the presence of our forces in Oude. We may therefore soon expect

their power of resistance to be diminished, while ours will be largely increased by the 18th of this month. It is impossible to foresee what will then remain to be done, and it is useless to speculate too far in times like these; it is something even to foresee the occurrence of the great event that we came here to accomplish. So be content for the present with the prospect of the removal of the great obstacle to our meeting again being now in view. It is the greatest comfort to have turned the corner in events.

Scarcely a shot has been fired since the 2nd, even from the batteries, and it will be a simple impertinence if they try another attack.

I was very glad to get your letter of the 1st this morning, and have read it, along with Minnie's and Henry Mayne's, with much pleasure. I am very thankful that Mary escaped so well; it was indeed a trying time for her, and an anxious one for her husband; Minnie had, I think, a presentiment of our danger though she could not avow it. I hope my first letter to my mother after the 10th reached safely.

I got a regular built official letter from Agra today *via* Meerut; so I suppose the post is open. Tombs is not well; he was ailing when he went out with a column on the night of the 31st and slept on the wet ground. The moveable column Waterfield

speaks of is only a body of troops kept disposable in camp for employment in the rear or elsewhere. It is not intended to send them to any distance. Peake and Allen have established a shop; they arrived the day before the last fight, and must have thought they had come to an awful place. It was Captain Remington's first introduction to the batteries. It is fine to-day and I hope you will enjoy your ride. I do not care much to ride beyond the precincts of camp, there are so many dead camels about.

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## LETTER LXXII.

Camp, Delhi, August 5.

YOUR letters of the 2nd and 3rd came in together to-day, and formed a rich epistolary meal. I am glad to think that Meerut is returning to its old habits. Revisiting the church must indeed have brought a crowd of thoughts into your mind. What a world of events have occurred since you last passed its threshold! It is wise to have an armed force at hand during the service, and I hope such precautions will be continued long after the danger seems to have passed away. One gets careless inside camp, it is so securely guarded, but I always carry my revolver when I go out beyond the lines. One could

ride with safety for long distances, but the effluvia from dead animals beyond the precincts of the camp takes away from the pleasure of such excursions.

I went to see Tombs to-day; he has lost some of his strength, but I hope will soon get better, for we cannot spare such a fine fellow. Light is not yet off the sick list; he attributes his sickness to living in a small "pall,"\* he never could get dry.

It is most provoking to find that no later news had reached England than they possessed when the former mail left. It is aggravating to think that Parliament was talking of cotton and courts of justice when we supposed they were discussing the gravest misfortunes that ever befell the empire. It will seem a miracle to the world that the storm was stayed with such a handful of men; and the survivors and their friends may well be thankful to God for his mercy.

It is a great comfort to have got into communication with General Havelock, and to hear of his strength. Hopes for Sir H. Lawrence are revived by what Capt. Simpson wrote to-day, that his "Gonashtah"† only speaks of his wound; but I cannot myself indulge in them, natives are so apt to conceal

\* The smallest kind of tent, and but ill suited to hot weather.

† Principal native officer.



what is unpalatable; I can only hope the man speaks correctly. The well-merited destruction of the 26th Native Infantry enables our reinforcements to march on; the sacrifice of five hundred villanous lives for the murder of two English is a retribution that will be remembered.

I am glad to hear George Harvey has reached Agra in safety, but I wish him anywhere else, for the state of things in the fort is the subject of much ridicule in this camp. A "Durwan,"\* for instance, who was found guilty by a court-martial of tampering with a lock of the magazine, was sentenced to be turned out of the fort, and to forfeit arrears of pay! Pretty discipline there must be with such lenity; and great jokes are made regarding the unmistakeable degree of funk that was exhibited by high functionaries.

I had letters from Philip and Spankie to-day, and was glad to hear that the Eed had passed off quietly.

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LETTER LXXIII.

Camp, Delhi, August 6.

TO-DAY attention is distracted by the sounds of cannon and musketry; the Pandeas being again to

\* Door-keeper.

the fore. I suppose their leaders have the sense to perceive that the force would melt away if left quite inactive. I was out for some time after breakfast looking on from the Mound. The attack seems more aimless than usual. A body of Sowars came down the road from the Cashmere Gate, but were driven back by the first round shot from the Flagstaff guns, and the firing on our right batteries is very mild. I saw a shell go through the roof of one of the "pukka" hospitals on our right; it exploded inside, and did some damage, as there were some "lascars" inside. Shot and shell had constantly fallen about these places, but had never struck the building before. The supports and reserves were recalled to camp about eleven, and the picket is carrying on the fight.

I believe Major Reid has never left the ridge since we arrived here. All the posts from the Observatory to the extreme right, and the pickets in Subzeh-mundee, are under his command. He is sure to obtain high honours. He is our watch-dog, and is never to be caught napping. Hodson keeps an Argus-eye on the rear and left flank, and is always ready for an adventurous ride. I am not surprised at Gough liking him; he has a rare gift of brains, as well as of pluck. The uniform of his men,

"Khakee"\* tunics, with a scarlet sash over the shoulder, and turban, is very picturesque. Their name is not quite settled, but I think it will be "The Slashers."

I saw Traill yesterday, and had some talk with him; he is looking better than when he arrived. Olpherts is very unwell, and will have to leave. I thought Tombs was looking better this morning.

I have a letter from Mr. Colvin, dated 1st August. He gives no public news, but the following words will interest you. They are in reply to an inquiry what my present appointment is. "You are the Political Agent for the Lieutenant-Governor at Delhi, with the reversion of Meerut, of course, when the time comes." So you see I have secured my line of retreat, like a good general, and can seize or refuse any opportunity that may offer for an advance. I have written to Mr. Pidcock, on occasion of sending him back a letter from himself to poor Simon Fraser. I went to Peake and Allen's yesterday; they have got quite a nice shop. There were pony races going on in the lines, and cricket and quoits; so the camp is more cheery. It is a pity we have no music. I must say there is less croaking and more cheeriness here than perhaps in any other spot in India.

\* Dust colour.

## LETTER LXXIV.

Camp, Delhi, August 7.

I FOUND your letter on my return from a ride up to the Flagstaff. The fighting yesterday did not come to much, and we allowed them to fire themselves out. There were rumours of a night attack, so the supports were kept out; and at two this morning the camp was woke up by a sharp fusillade at Metcalfe's picket, but it ceased quickly; the "miserables" retired at the first volley. This morning there has been some cannonading. The Pandees take two or three field guns among the trees, under protection of the city guns; they move them about from one spot to another, as soon as they have fired, so our gunners in the batteries do not know where to send a shot in reply, and if a party were to go out to find the guns, they would be withdrawn into the city. Such sneaking, "puss-in-the-corner" kind of fighting, is of course quite useless, and will not retard for a moment the fate that awaits Delhi. Our reinforcements will be here on the 13th, which is earlier than I expected.

My city correspondent writes, that intelligence has been received of Havelock having routed the mutineer army at Lucknow, consisting of 40,000

men, under Rajah Maun Sing. This is just the intelligence we are looking for, and I trust it may be soon confirmed.

I see more of Edward than of Wilby now; the latter has so much out-of-door work, and gets so tired and sleepy, there is little chance of finding him at leisure and awake: they are both as well as possible. Edward is to-day stationed at the Flagstaff Tower, as field officer of the day. He is not a bit changed in the last two years; he retains his lithe-some, active figure, and becomes a shell jacket more than most men. I was sorry to miss Sir Edward Campbell at mess yesterday; he was up with the supports. We had some very good Moselle. The presence of a clergyman at mess is working a reform, and Colonel ——, whenever he forgets himself and uses the word “damnable,” corrects himself and says “devilish.” The effect at present is that you get two *jurons* instead of one, but great reforms are not worked in a day, or without sacrifice.

When the Rifles at Meerut see the Seikhs take their lots of rum like true Christians, they will have a better opinion of them: they have no points of resemblance with Pandeas, and hate them most cordially.

A letter takes more than a month to get to Cal-

cutta, so I do not expect a reply from George Edmonstone for some time. Hugh Gough had a long ride with Hodson yesterday, not short of forty miles. They started at three A.M., and were back at two in the morning. Hodson had a "pillau" ready hot, and beer ready cold, for their return, and they must have enjoyed it. They traversed a muddy, swampy ground. Hodson is much pleased with his new sub. I hear young Mackenzie wants to come over.

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## LETTER LXXV.

Camp, Delhi, August 8.

THE post came in just before dinner yesterday, so the pace is improving; but we must look to having heavy floods again, and they are required for the success of Wilby's infernal machine, as the river is now too low to allow of their being carried down clear to the bridge, and hitherto the attempts have failed. They have occupied Wilby so much, I have scarcely seen him for a week. He came to dine with me on Thursday, but I was at the Rifles.

I went yesterday to see Edward. His post as field officer is now at the Mosque, from which one gets a much better view of the fighting in the front and right than from the Flagstaff. There was a

sharp cannonade going on, and it was very interesting and fascinating to watch it. As we were returning along the ridge towards the Flagstaff, my attention was directed towards the city, and I saw a magnificent column of white smoke arise. It shot straight into the air, and then assumed the shape of a mighty mushroom, and slowly floated on. No report was heard, or else it was drowned in the cannonade, but it signalled no less an event than the explosion of the enemy's powder manufactory, which, for safety's sake, was established far away from the range of our shells, on the other side of the city. It ignited by accident, and carried with it into the air some 500 artificers employed in the manufactory, and the stock of sulphur and saltpetre. There was, of course, great cheering from the batteries, though we could not claim the credit of the explosion. The Pandeas took it into their heads that "Hakim Ahsun Oolah," the King's chief adviser, was the contriver of the gunpowder plot, and they at once plundered and gutted his house: so there is a very pretty embroilment. I am glad to have witnessed the sight. It was thought at first, in camp, that our magazine at Hindoo Rao's had blown up. It is the first bit of luck of the kind we have had. I believe the firing since then has been chiefly from our own batteries.

Waterfield came to my tent just as I was going out, so I asked him to ride with me to the Flagstaff, and I picked him up again on my return to the Mosque, and we went to see the hospital, which had been pierced with a shell on the 6th: there is a tremendous hole in the roof. I was glad to hear no one was hurt. It is occupied by Seikhs. Tombs came into my tent after my return: he is better, but so weak he could not mount a horse, and walks with difficulty. Gough dined with me. We joke him about his red flamingo helmet, the uniform of the regiment. General Nicholson was at dinner: he is a fine imposing-looking man, who never speaks if he can help it, which is a great gift for a public man. But if we had all been as solemn and taciturn during the last two months, I do not think we should have survived. Our genial, jolly mess-dinners have kept up our spirits.

I am glad to see you have a proper Meerut feeling, and wish the grand triumph to belong to the old brigade.

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## LETTER LXXVI.

Camp, Delhi, August 9.

THE non-arrival of the Meerut post of the 7th disquiets me; for there has been no rain, and the rivers have fallen, and the delay can only be ascribed to the interception of the post by some hostile band; and it is wonderful we have so long escaped an annoyance that can be so easily inflicted. I have put off writing to the last moment, in the hopes of receiving it, and have left myself no time to write a letter, to save the chance of the Bagput line being closed. I will send a few words by Kurnaul. We are all well, and Edward and Wilby have just been with me.

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LETTER LXXVII.

Camp, Delhi, August 10.

THE fears I felt yesterday of the Bagput line being closed were verified by receiving your letter this morning, *via* Kurnaul. I sent a spy off in the afternoon to inquire about the stoppage, and shall hear soon. I am glad that nothing has been lost. As a precaution I wrote yesterday by Kurnaul as well as Bagput, but both were mere scraps.

The Pandeas continue to skirmish with their artillery: it is just the style of warfare they delight in, as they make a great deal of noise and are in very little danger; but it is not the way to take our camp. I have no doubt the Brigadier understands what he is about, and will put a stopper on them when necessary. I do not hear of many casualties. The Metcalfe advanced picket was pounded yesterday by 24- and 18-pounders, besides field-pieces and musketry, and they only lost one killed and one wounded, and killed several of the enemy. There was a capital shot among the Pandeas, who posted himself at rifle distance, and had nine men loading for him. Every shot he fired hit the sand-bags or went through the apertures; at last he was himself nobbled, and after that all the shot flew high. The Lancers and Carabineers have been moved to the rear across the "nullah," and their ground will be occupied by the 52nd and other infantry; so we shall have them close.

I had a few lines from poor Mrs. Willoughby the other day, asking me to make inquiries after her son.\* My belief is that he was killed in the Meerut Dis-

\* Lieutenant G. D. Willoughby, of the Bengal Artillery, who, with his subordinates, resolutely set fire to the arsenal in the city walls to save it from falling into the hands of the enemy.

trict. I have asked Williams whether he has any positive information about the death of the five officers who were so murdered. Edward passed the greater part of yesterday in my tent, and we walked up to the bridge at sunset: it is the Delhi Mall. Wilby came in for a short time, but could not stay long. They were fired at with 24-pounders from Selimghur when paddling about in a canoe, but only got splashed. They intend to repeat their experiments when the river rises.

I have just seen a man who left Meerut on the 8th and arrived yesterday. He says all was quiet along the Bagput road; there was a rumour of troops coming that way, but he saw nothing. We believe they did not get beyond Loonee. I shall, however, send this by Kurnaul, and write a line by Bagput, to show you whether that line is open. We have no further news of Havelock, or from any quarter. The King is sending his family to the Kootub, so I suppose he is looking out for squalls.

I have just had a visit from Henry Boisragon. He is on perpetual duty at Hindoo Raos at present, and has had hot work of late. I was glad to hear from him that our artillery has smashed the heavy battery the Pandeas had erected in Telewarra. Probyn came to see me on Saturday: he is in dis-

tress about his brother; I hardly think he can have escaped. I am glad to hear the story about the Misses — is not true. They are at Lucknow. Poor Mrs. Gilbert was confined on her journey from Gwalior to Agra. The child is alive, and doing well.

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## LETTER LXXVIII.

Camp, Delhi, August 11.

I HAVE had two letters since I wrote to you yesterday, and I hope the post will not be again diverted Kurnaul-ways, on false alarms. No one has seen a single Delhi Sowar on the Bagput and Meerut road. The Tehseeldar retreated into Meerut from the Hinden without any sufficient reason.

I had a long memorandum to-day from —, laying down a plan of campaign; but it was based, unfortunately, on the entirely erroneous supposition that the Jumna bridge of boats had been carried away by a flood. The intelligence was evidently conveyed to him in a detached form, and whoever gave it should be severely punished. I do not like the way in which — concocts plans of operations for the benefit of others. He means well, but he

has not the slightest idea of dealing with military authorities on active service. Information, not advice, is required from civilians; and he cannot understand the amount of labour and exposure, besides danger, to which this force is liable. The present tactics of the Pandeas demand more vigilance than ever, for their attacks are now going on day and night. They are altogether ineffectual against our troops, but our fellows have to be constantly on the alert, and the duty is certainly very harassing. With all this, I resent, on the part of the force, his saying, "Pray do let the Delhi camp help us for once in shutting up the Pandeas." It is rather too bad to use such words towards troops who have been incessantly fighting on behalf of him and others for nearly three months.

Nicholson's force is to be in on the 13th; it will come with bands playing and colours flying, and we all look forward to going out to greet it. The siege train,—at least the greater part of it,—is still behind, so I think my original dates will be about correct. If Havelock's force is likely to be here within a reasonable time of our preparations being complete, and there is no pressing political reason for an attack, it would not be right to allow a wish to monopolise glory to stand in the way of securing victory more completely by waiting for him. We have no further

news of him yet, and I fear the Cossids are intercepted.

I went up to the Flagstaff after dinner last night, with Maisey and Turnbull, in expectation of seeing some good mortar practice on our side; but they did not open, and there were only passing interchanges of shots between the city and batteries. Waterfield wishes at times to get the adjutancy of the Simoor Battalion. He cannot now apply for any appointment unconnected with this army, so the choice is limited.

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LETTER LXXIX.

Camp, Delhi, August 12.

I WRITE in better humour to-day. I have to tell you of a real decided success, instead of expatiating on vexatious shaves. A column was secretly organised over night, to pay out the Pandees for the impertinent way in which they have been playing on our pickets with field guns for the last few days. It marched down the Flagstaff road while it was still dark, and just at daylight the Pandy post at Ludlow Castle was roused from its slumbers by a rattling fire of musketry and bayonet charge. They were completely taken by surprise, and all who could escape fled to the town, leaving four field guns (one

24-pound howitzer, two nines, and one 6-pounder) in our hands, which were brought back in triumph to camp. We do not gain victories, like General Havelock, without loss; and there was a good deal of fighting in the neighbouring gardens, but the success was complete. Brigadier Showers, who commanded, was wounded in the chest and hand, and Major Coke in the leg. Poor little Sherriff was killed; and there were probably ten men killed, and twenty to thirty wounded. On Showers being disabled, Edward was sent down to command, and brought the force out of action in his cool collected way, taking good care no wounded man was left behind.

Not being in the secret, I was awake by the firing, and supposed it was an attack on the Metcalfe picket; and it was cheering when I got to the Flag-staff to find our own people were the assailants, and that such substantial trophies had been won. The only drawback is that two other guns, which are now known to have been deserted in the jungle, near the river side, were overlooked. If Edward had been told of them, he would have had a more glorious share in the victory. They began to fire from them after our troops had returned, on which old Jan Fishan remarked, "All Delhi may fire, but they still

remain 'beencee-boreedah;' " literally, "with their noses cut off."

I am glad we shall have something to tell Nicholson's column when it comes in. Havelock had been taking the wind out of our sails. They call his artillery the "Voltaic Battery," as they succeeded so well in "electrifying" the enemy. Garstin read out a copy of Captain Spurgeon's letter of the 31st from Cawnpore, which gives news of Havelock having taken twenty guns on his way to Lucknow. He must soon have done with such a contemptible enemy. We thought our Pandeas had a great capacity for running, but his lot beat ours to fits, and would distance them altogether.

I would not hold out too long against Potts' attempt to take your barrack; it is, of course, a favour your having been allowed to occupy it, and though I am sorry you should be dislodged, it will not be pretty to offer too much opposition. I wrote to Johnson to ask him to rent his house to me, and he came over to say he could not think of doing that, but that you might occupy it with the Cooksons as long as you like. He had offered it to D'Oyly, but did not think that would stand in your way, and wishes you to take possession at once. He would like you to see that the servants he left behind are



not ousted out of the outhouses they occupy, which is a prudent thought, for strange servants are so inconsiderate. You should tell "Golab" to prevent anything of the kind. Tombs, I am glad to say, is better. I am glad to hear of your having music and whist parties; the barrack must be merrier than the Dum Dummer.

The dust is flying to-day, and we should like some more rain. The Reverend Mr. Ellis of Umballa has been ordered to do duty in this camp. Mr. Rotton is still here, and is well thought of; he is attentive to his duties. He was awake one night by Major Ouvry, of the 9th Lancers, who asked him to bury his brother-in-law, Captain Delamaine, who had been killed six weeks before, on the 8th of June. He had been buried on the field of battle, and Major Ouvry, when he came to join, found out the spot, disinterred the body, dug a grave for it in the churchyard, placed the body in it, and then sent for Mr. Rotton. It was a curious scene.

I saw Wilby this morning at the Flagstaff: he was vexed at not having been allowed a part in the morning's work, and thought himself ill-used. Edward was in great spirits. He was much amused with ——'s memoranda of military measures to be adopted in consequence of the breaking of the bridge.

## LETTER LXXX.

Camp, Delhi, August 13.

THE Pandees have it that we are reduced in numbers, and have nothing but parched grain to live upon, and are desponding dreadfully. We ought to invite a deputation to come to head-quarter mess; or yesterday would have been a good opportunity, when the band, composed of musicians both from the 8th and 61st, were playing under the Flagstaff in our main street. The intention of having the band had not been announced, but the music soon attracted all the loungers, and the street was full and gay. There was a bass accompaniment of heavy guns going on all the time, but our ears are getting "more Irish and less nice," as Byron has it, and such sounds are little attended to. The men on duty on the bridge had a treat from which we were debarred. The Pandees had brought out rockets to Ludlow Castle, and were making good practice on our pickets; but one burst in the tube, and blew up the rest, and there was a magnificent *feu d'artifice*, with, it is to be hoped, a due allowance of exploded Pandees.

I dined with Edward, and I was asked to be the cicerone over the Badlee Serai battle-field by some of the officers; so I rode out this morning with them

early. I must take some bullets in my pocket another time to make the illusion complete.

To-morrow we shall all ride out to greet Nicholson's column. He came in, in the first instance, a-head of his troops, to consult, I suppose. The siege train is still behind, and there is a string of 800 carts with it. We have authentic news of Havelock having captured 76 guns up to the 29th, on which day he had three separate engagements with the enemy. This was between Cawnpore and Lucknow. We look now to hear of the relief of the Lucknow garrison. He was to be joined there by 2500 Goorkhas, Nepal troops. The native regiment at Dinapore at last mutinied, and got away with their arms. General Lloyd was in pursuit with the 10th Queen's, and hoped to catch them at the Soane.

I do not think all the Rifles will be taken away from Meerut, only 150 or 200. That number ought not to be grudged. When they go, I suppose there will be no difficulty about your occupying the barrack. If a Seikh picket is stationed in Johnson's grounds, it will not be so pleasant; but I should not care a bit if I were with you. I believe them to be as different as black and white from the execrable Pandeas. But do not leave the barracks if the de-

parture of the Rifles removes the difficulty. You are to have another troop of Horse Artillery,—Dawes'.

One of our letters to Agra was intercepted, and the contents published in the city. To avoid this, I have written a letter for the Brigadier to-day to General Havelock, in French, but in the Greek character. I think that will puzzle them.

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LETTER LXXXI.

Camp, Delhi, August 14.

It was a fine sight this morning to see Nicholson's column march in. There were great greetings among both officers and men, and they received a hearty welcome. I fell in with Campbell of the 52nd, and rode with him; he asked much after you; his wife is mending slowly. Synge must have been on rear guard. They are pitched close to us. They were followed by a splendid regiment of Seikhs, the biggest men I have seen for a long time; they also had a band. The column was played in by the 8th. Altogether it was a cheery sight, and would have struck gloom among the Pandeas, if they could have seen it. The battery is commanded by Bouchier; so the best part of the force is connected with Meerut.

I saw Craigie and M'Kenzie \* up at the Flag-staff yesterday evening; there was just enough firing going on to make it interesting. Not nearly enough has been ever said of the beauty of the prospect from the ridge, and a refreshing air comes off the river. You would enjoy it immensely, but you would have to disguise yourself as a rifleman to get admission to the top of the tower.

Gambier came to see me this morning, and gave me good news of you all. He is sorry to find Brigadier Showers, to whom he is appointed orderly officer, on the sick list; it is hoped he will soon recover; the bullet furrowed his chest on the left side: it looked like a decoration as he passed. Gambier lives with his uncle, Captain Money, of the Artillery, who is also wounded, and has had a narrow escape of losing his leg. I hardly suppose the column to which Henry Mayne is attached will move beyond Mhow or Neemuch. He is in a good position, and is sure now to be provided for. I can no longer wish him to be content with his regiment.

The two "Chuprassees" sent out in relief have arrived; they found everything quiet on the road. The brave "Tehseeldar" was in such a hurry to escape, that he mounted his horse bare-backed. The

\* Both of the 3rd Light Cavalry.

false alarm in the village must have been got up to induce him to run away, and put a stop to the collections, and it certainly succeeded. I missed the meteor, which must have been almost as fine as the explosion. I hope we are going to have some rain; it will be a benefit to us to have the country flooded again, and a rise in the river is necessary to enable Wilby to try his infernal machines again.

When an advance is made we shall probably be able to destroy the bridge; but at present it cannot be done by force; our guns cannot reach it, and it would be rash to send a force across in boats for the purpose: the enemy would be sure to have information, and they could bring out their forces across the bridge, while ours were crossing slowly in boats and marching over the swampy broken ground to the bridge head. I have been obliged to ask —— to cease his invectives against Brigadier Wilson's operations. Saunders came in with the troops this morning; he is a sensible, good fellow.

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LETTER LXXXII.

Camp, Delhi, August 15.

I HOPE a final determination to move a portion of the Rifles from Meerut will justify Pott in leaving

you in undisturbed possession of your palazzo. I do not think any one would have believed this time last year that we should have made such a fuss about being allowed to occupy a barrack-room: our ideas of splendour and comfort have altered a little, and I am sure without interfering with material happiness.

Your letter arrived yesterday, just before a tremendous storm of rain that deluged the camp, and the new comers who had not entrenched their tents got well drenched. I have had a pleasant talk with Campbell (52nd) to-day, and hope to see much of him; he is to dine with me to-morrow. Synge is on picket in the Subzehmundee. Monson is sick.

I am vexed, with all my precautions, that you should have been a day without a letter. Mr. Lewis is away, and the clerks are a drunken set; so the mishap is easily explained.

My conceit received a rebuke to-day, by reading a letter from Captain Nixon, Mr. Colvin's aide-de-camp, which began: "We have received an account of the engagements on the 1st and 2nd from Mr. Greathed, but as a civilian's description of military operations is never worth much, I hope you will let us hear of it." I must tell Mr. Colvin he had better establish another correspondent, or tell his aide-de-camp to mind what he writes. The Brigadier of

Agra has been relieved of his command, and Colonel Cotton is appointed. It is a pity this was not done before the Neemuch troops went to Agra; they would have met with a different reception, and the station saved. All speak well of Colonel Cotton.

I hope Tom will come back from his expedition without being much knocked up. I suppose they have tents, which one has learnt to look upon as the only habitation that is absolutely necessary.

I believe our movements will depend upon our knowledge of Havelock's position when the siege train reaches camp: this will be on the 25th. If Havelock is detained below, we shall go at the city, and the Pandeas in due time will escape by the Agra road, for the bridge is sure to be destroyed, as our batteries are advanced. If Havelock is well up, it would be better to let him co-operate, and he will then shut up the Agra road; under either circumstances I am sure it will be "heads we win, and tails they lose." I cannot say I am tired of this place, and there is very little symptom of *ennui* in camp. Everybody knows he is here for a great purpose, and that a day of triumph will arrive.

I had a visit from a son of General Caulfield's: he is a Captain in the 3rd Native Infantry, and has come here to serve against his regiment, which is in



Delhi. He was at school with me at Bury St. Edmund's, and I knew him at Lahore in 1843. He has grown like his father. Young Montgomerie, of the 9th Cavalry, has also come in. Hodson is out on one of his wild rides, watching the movements of a column of the enemy who have gone towards Rohtuck, and I presume Gough is with him.

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LETTER LXXXIII.

Camp, Delhi, August 16.

I GOT your letter yesterday, just before I turned in, and slept all the better for having had your good news. Boisragon had been dining with me; he had just come off a ten days' tour of duty at the Crow's Nest, an exposed position between the right battery and the Subzehmundee picket; he had two other officers of his regiment with him, Brown and Temple: the former was killed, and the other wounded, so he must have had a warm time of it. There was a talk of the Seharunpore Goorkhas going to Meerut; indeed they had got their orders, — that was when it was proposed to take all the Rifles away, — now it is finally decided to leave about half, and with the 700 Sheerdils \*, the Seikh regiment, you will have a more

\* Lion Hearts (Sheer Dils), the title of a regiment of Runjeet Singh's army.

effective force than before, for all that can be done from Meerut.

I understated the loss on the 12th. I stated it according to what I saw and heard at the time; but a number of wounded men must have walked home. The real number were nineteen killed, and ninety-four wounded; of these thirty were severe cases, the others trifling; of course every man who is hit is put down on the list. Nobody would have supposed the force had suffered at all, from the jolly way in which they marched back, but for seeing the litters. The 1st Fusileers suffered most in men: there was an abattis of felled trees before the guns, which they had to file round, and many were hit there. You see I deserved Captain Nixon's criticism.

The plan Cookson mentioned for burning the bridge, was tried when we first came, but failed, owing to the vigilance of the enemy; they have guards in the prows of each boat. If the river rises Wilby still hopes to have a successful explosion. His infernal machine has four arms, and if any one of the four is touched the barrel of powder blows up; so it is a ticklish thing to handle.

I dare say you will reconcile yourself to the loss of your barrack-room, as you are now sure of not being again ousted. Campbell brought Lord Frederick

Hay to see me just now ; he has come here from Simla for change. I saw young Trench, of the Cavalry, last night at the Band ; I hardly knew him. Trench of the 35th Native Infantry, and of the 52nd, are also here. Pollock of the 35th came here in time for one of the fights, and got his arm broke.

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LETTER LXXXIV.

Camp, Delhi, August 17.

I AM at war with the post-office for not having given me a letter from you yesterday, though the mail came in and brought me one from —. It was a reply to my lecture to him on criticising military operations too vehemently : he evidently thinks himself a heaven-born general, and that he has made a discovery in suggesting the destruction of the Jumna bridge. He will not understand that others can be as sensible of the importance of its destruction as himself, and that being on the spot, they are, perhaps, better judges whether it can be done.

It is a wet, cheerless day, and nothing is going on. Edward is on duty at the Flagstaff, and Wilby has no time for visiting. I have got, however, a volume of " Sir Charles Napier's Life," which is spicy read-

ing, and will help me to work through the day. A Cossid has come in from Agra, who started on the 11th, but he only brings three letters from soldiers to be posted here. It is a disappointment, for we hunger after news from Havelock.

A note came in from Hodson yesterday, telling us of his having surprised a party of enemy's horse in a village; he killed twenty-three out of twenty-five. They were commanded by a ressalidar of the 1st Cavalry, who was lately decorated with the order of merit by Norman's own hands, in the name of the Government. They offered some resistance, and Hugh Gough was hit, but so slightly that he has gone on. They will hang about the detachment that is said to be going to Hansi, and probably induce it to return to Delhi.

The enemy are very unsettled in their plans; they are looking in vain for reinforcements. At one time they had a report of large numbers coming from the Punjab. Yesterday a man was sent out by them to ascertain whether it was true that thirty regiments of the Bombay Native Army were at Ulwur, on their way to Delhi. Such illusions cannot last long.

There appears no probability of the Gwalior force moving: they have got possession of the fort, and do not like to leave it. They sent a deputation to Delhi

to examine and report upon the state of the mutineers and their rates of pay, and I do not think they will be able to give a very encouraging account. I begin to think that the idea of marching on Gwalior is the favourite one with the Pandeas just now. The Meerut and Delhi regiments, who have been formed into a separate division, would probably remain to make some defence. They have no carriages or guns, and have not been employed much in the attacks. They occupy the picket at Ludlow Castle, and the men who were killed on the 12th belonged principally to the 74th. The Rifle company of the 38th Native Infantry, in their green coats, were unluckily taken for a party of Coke's Rifles, or they might have been destroyed. The siege train left Loodianah to-day, so it will hardly be here before the end of the month; 200 men of the 8th come down with it.

Campbell, 52nd, dined with me last night; he is very anxious for his regiment to have an opportunity of doing something. The habit that has grown up of our soldiers rifling dead Pandeas does not suit his ideas of discipline. Two artillery "Classies"\* were hung this morning for tampering with the gun cartridges, and a sharp look-out is kept against such tricks and foul play. The powder magazine is very

\* Tent pitchers.

carefully guarded, and entrenched round to prevent any one creeping up to it.

Captain Williams, of the 60th Rifles, has started for the Hills. His thigh was broke by a musket-shot on the 19th of June, when poor Humphreys was killed. Chamberlain is getting on very well: he is a fine character, so firm and resolute. I was sitting with him this morning. He will not allow his bed to be brought out in the street of an evening, lest people should think he was making an exhibition of himself. It is a great relief to the wounded of less retiring habits to be moved out in that way, or to be carried about in a litter.

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LETTER LXXXV.

Camp, Delhi, August 18.

IT was a great gratification to hear of Daniell \* being one of the two who had escaped from Cawnpore.† I had hardly hoped that the very one in whom we felt most interest should have been spared. I only wish there had been many more. It is singular that the letter copied into the "Lahore Chronicle," received to-day, should have omitted the names of the survi-

\* 2nd Cavalry.

† Unfortunately this did not prove true.

vors, a subject of so much painful interest to many. I received your letters of the 15th and 16th, so my file is complete. It seems hopeless to secure amendment here: the postmaster is away, the clerks are a drunken lot, the "peons"\* do not even know the General's tent; scores of officers invade the post-office, and do what they please with the mail bags; and that Lord of Misrule, —, superintends the whole: it is only lucky that more mistakes do not occur.

Hodson was heard of yesterday from near Rohtuck: he will not be allowed to proceed any further, and has done all that was required by striking terror in the country, and rendering isolated posts uneasy. The detachment of rebels he has been looking after have gone towards Hansi, but they will find a stronger force than they expected there under General Van Cortland.

Scarcely a shot has been exchanged to-day or yesterday, and all accounts agree that the Delhi force is very shaky, and do not know what to resolve upon. I received a letter last night from Agra, of the 12th; it brought no further intelligence from Havelock's camp. A letter of the 3rd, from Cawnpore, had been received. Up to that time he had not reached Luck-

\* Letter carriers.



now. I expect he did not resume his march until the 1st or 2nd; but when he strikes he strikes hard, and we shall doubtless soon hear of something worth recording.

I believe at home some credit will be given to the handful of English in the North-west having held at bay the whole native army. Lord Canning has made use of impatient expressions about the delay, which he will regret. But the difficulty in taking Delhi must be a sore point with him; for by it will be measured the extent of the mistake of leaving Delhi and its magazine in the hands of native troops, when a spirit of mutiny was known to be abroad. We have alternate sultriness and showers; the great point is that there is no material sickness.

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LETTER LXXXVI.

Camp, Delhi, August 19.

YOU must not allow yourself to be infected with the ill feeling against Brigadier Wilson prevailing at Meerut. It is bad enough not to be appreciated by Governor-Generals; but if the wives of the camp turn against him, no reward will compensate for the detraction. It would be sufficient answer to say, that the mass of the officers in camp are satisfied



that the delay is for the good of the cause. Every one wishes the intervening time could be skipped over; but no one, I believe, who takes the trouble to think, would wish for an advance at the present moment. A complete siege train was not ordered until the project of taking the place by assault was abandoned; and as a thousand carts for the conveyance of ammunition are not collected without time, I imagine no unnecessary delay has been allowed. The reinforcements came a-head as they were not wanted in the Punjab; but it would be insanity to make any demonstration of the plan of attack until the train and ammunition are in the camp. They will be here before the end of the month. By that time we shall have exact information of Havelock's movements, if he is anywhere near Agra. I myself think we ought to wait until he is on this side of it, so that he should block up that road; and the bridge being destroyed as our batteries advance, there would be no loophole left for the enemy, and the affair would be complete. I do not enjoy being kept on here; but I cannot allow any personal impatience to affect my opinion of what ought to be done.

I had a letter to-day from Mr. Colvin, of the 13th, enclosing a copy of one from General Havelock to him. The original was without date, unfortunately.

Havelock fought two battles on the 29th; one at Oonao, the first march—and the other at Bisharut Junj, the second march—from Cawnpore towards Lucknow, capturing nineteen guns. He ran short of ammunition and men for an immediate advance on Lucknow, and retired on Oonao to recruit his force. He had accomplished this, and was to move on towards Lucknow next day. After relieving it, he goes on to say: “I recross the river, and propose marching on Agra, relieving, if possible, Futtehghur on my way. I then proceed to Delhi, to assist in its reduction.” So it appears from this that we still have a hold on Futtehghur; and Mr. Colvin mentions in his letter to me that W. Edwards is safe in a village opposite Futtehghur: there is therefore some hope for the people at that place.

There is certainly some danger of the Pandeas evacuating Delhi. They are badly off for money, ammunition, and food. The destruction of the Jumna bridge would probably determine them on instant flight, as they would no longer have any supplies; it is therefore as well, in one sense, that it should be left. I am beginning to get letters from the princes, declaring they have been all along fondly attached to us, and that they only want to know what they

can do for us. They must find out for themselves, for I shall not answer and tell them.

You have brought down upon yourself a long military-political lecture, by your grumbles against the General. I hope now you will stand up for him. I must correct you now about numbers. We have now just 5000 infantry of all kinds; the enemy have still fully 20,000 trained men, with an armed population at their backs. In European warfare, the siege of a fortified town, with such a garrison, would not be undertaken with less than 60,000 men; but the proportions have been much larger against us. At one time we had not 3000 infantry, and the force inside the walls was said by the city people to be 35,000, and with fanatics, &c., to amount to between 50,000 and 60,000; the latter class have vanished, as they could get no food or pay. I hope this will satisfy you. If the truth were all known, the world would wonder at the way in which such a small number of English held such a force in check, and defeated them at every turn, at the worst season of the year.

We have no further intelligence from Hodson; he is employed on just the wild work he likes, and will be loath to return. The public still amuses itself in giving his regiment new names; "the Aloobok-

haras" and "Ringtailed Roarers" are the last I have heard of. I have not seen Gough's brother yet; I do not know him by sight. I had a talk with Synge to-day; he had been marching since he left Meerut.

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## LETTER LXXXVII.

Camp, Delhi, August 20.

THERE was some alarm in camp yesterday afternoon about the safety of Hodson's detachment. A messenger came in who said he saw him at Rohtuck, engaged with a large force, on the 18th, and he was understood to say that Hodson had taken refuge within the jail walls. I cannot say I shared the feelings, I have such confidence in Hodson's audacity and resource; and it turned out he was skirmishing with the enemy between the jail and another building.

In the evening a letter came from him, describing his position. He had seduced the enemy out into a plain, and then driven them back pell-mell; he then withdrew on the Gohaneh road, in the direction of Jheend, and was in communication with the Jheend authorities. He asked for a reinforcement, to allow of the enemy's detachment and guns being cut off

(their infantry and artillery had not been engaged with him), and a column started under Nicholson, consisting of Tombs' troop, 200 1st Europeans, and some native cavalry and infantry; but they found, when they attempted to march across country from Alleepore, that the whole country was a swamp, and that it was impossible to move a gun or baggage-animal, and they have had to return. Hodson is quite safe; he is unimpeded in his motions, having only cavalry, and has a friendly country in his rear. He will now return to camp; and after being in for an hour, he will be seen looking as fresh, clean-shaved, and spruce as if he had never left it.

I hope my letter of yesterday will have cured you of your military grumbling. I do not blame you, for I know others have been writing in like strain. Some wished, when Nicholson's force arrived, that we should occupy the Eedgah ridge, and take the Kishengunj battery. It would have secured our position; but it is now admitted that it would have extended it too much, and would have withdrawn a large portion of the force from the line of operations that will have to be adopted when the siege really commences. Others wished to have the Kishengunj battery taken by assault, but Brigadier Wilson preferred first trying to overpower it with artillery fire

from our right batteries; and this has succeeded, and the object has been attained without any loss of life. He is an able commander, and is cool and collected, both in camp and under fire.

The assault of the town on our first arrival, though certainly a risk, was desirable, for success would have saved the Cawnpore massacre and other misfortunes, but that reason no longer exists. The great danger is our troops getting scattered and cut up in detail after taking the town; there is little chance of holding them when once inside, the thirst for blood and plunder will render them ungovernable. A reserve, therefore, who have not been engaged is very essential, and *that* we had not before. A few days' severe shelling and pounding will take the fighting out of the population, and render them less capable of determined resistance. I do hope that operations will commence as soon as the siege train arrives, but I fear that depends on the position Have-lock then occupies.

They seem in Calcutta to affect ignorance of the enemy having an enormous artillery and arsenal, and of the city being defended by enfilading bastions, ditch, and glacis. They only allude to the weakness of the walls; but as the glacis covers half the wall it makes it really strong, and to render a breach practi-

cable it may be necessary to push the batteries to the crest of the glacis.

I dine with Campbell this evening at the 52nd. His tent is not fifty yards from mine, and he drops in often to hear the news, and have a talk.

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## LETTER LXXXVIII.

Camp, Delhi, August 21.

WE have news of Hodson's party up to yesterday ; he is now on his return, having received the submission of a great part of the Rohtuck District, and given the insurgents a good thrashing. They came out to attack this camp on the 18th, so he kept them amused with skirmishers, while he got his baggage away, and then drawing them out into the plain, went down hard at them, and sent them clean off. Gough must have been in his glory. There are two or three other officers with him. I suppose we shall see them to-morrow.

Van Cortland will have some fighting, for the Delhi Detachment, consisting of mutineers of that part of the country, have gone on towards Hansi, and will be joined doubtless by the insurgents of the country. He has got a fort at Hansi, as a stand-by, and I hope will give a good account of them.

W. Ford is with them, and wrote in confidence of results.

We have had to congratulate Wilson to-day on being made a Major-General for special service. I suppose it is for the Hinden actions. He must be well pleased at the distinction. The enemy have got a rocket tube and a 24-pounder on the other side the river, and fire at the Metcalfe pickets and Coke's camp on our left. I do not hear of their shots reaching. It will be something to go and look at this afternoon. The 52nd band practise every morning in their mess tent, next to mine, and play very well. The want of men at first compelled regiments to place their bandsmen in the ranks, and all have suffered. There is no longer the same drain on the camp, and men get regular relief, and will be all the fitter for the real struggle. At one time the pickets were relieved by the supports, and just changed places.

The detachment of the 8th are halting at Kurnaul to escort the siege train. It is lucky they are there, for the 10th Cavalry have mutinied, and broken away from Ferozepore. They tried to take the guns. It is not certain whether they recovered their horses : they had been taken from them, and were picketed near the European lines. It is quite incomprehen



sible why troops that have kept down their vile spirit so long, should break out just now, when the day is going clear against them.

Light would receive thankfully any more flannel shirts for his men, that could be sent: they cannot be better bestowed. I had a visit just now from Le Poer Trench, of the 35th Native Infantry. He has managed to come down here as General Nicholson's aide-de-camp. Tombs is not the worse for the ducking he got the night before last. Hills is on duty again. Palmer is expected here immediately. Edward is writing in my tent. Wilby came to see me yesterday, and laid down on my cot, and was fast asleep in a jiffey; he had been up all night making a battery. M'Neill is on the sick list.

We are daily looking out for the English post of the 10th July. Somebody in camp, in anticipation of the news, has set about a story that a mob pulled down the Leadenhall Street Office and hung the East India Directors on the lamp posts. I do not suppose it will quite come to that, but I think the days of the India House are numbered.

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## LETTER LXXXIX.

Camp, Delhi, August 22.

IF — has been talking as he has been writing to me, I am not surprised at people who themselves were not acquainted with the facts being misled, and he is so self-convinced by his own arguments, that he gains converts readily. He made one mistake which he ought to be sorry for. With the view of preventing the removal of the Rifles, he disparaged and sowed distrust of the Seikh Regiment, and evidently made you and others think they are no better than Pandeas. As a public officer he should not have done this, and he had no right to speak ill of them even privately. Only look how the Seikhs have stood by us in the Punjab, and in this camp, and at Seharunpore, and how steadily all their chiefs have stood our friends. Hodson's Horse are nearly all Seikhs, and they did under his command, the other day, what is considered good in the best of troops. They feigned a retreat before a superior force, and then, when he had drawn the enemy out into the plain, they turned at his order, and charged down upon them manfully.

I dare say the pickets at the Meerut station will be mixed European and Seikh, as in this camp: that is

a wise precaution, and the men are as friendly as possible. For expeditions into the district, the Seikhs will be invaluable. They will like nothing better than to kill and plunder insurgents. Then you are to have half a Beloch battalion, who are said to be well trained orderly soldiers, and have no connection with this part of the world, and would be happy to exterminate every inhabitant of the town, and Sudder Bazar of Meerut. The idea of these places rising appears to me quite groundless. I assure you I am much vexed at such erroneous notions having been propagated at Meerut. General Penny appears quite satisfied with the arrangements.

I very much fear the report about Daniell having escaped from Cawnpore is incorrect. I have read to-day an account of the tragedy up to the time of the embarkation, written by Delafosse, of the 53rd Native Infantry. Only three boats got away at all; two of these were swamped soon after leaving; the third, in which Delafosse was, proceeded onwards for three days, fired at from both sides all the way. At last it could go no further, and fourteen got out to fight it out; eleven were killed, three threw themselves into the river, one was shot, and two escaped by swimming, till they were hailed by some villagers

who rescued them. He does not mention the name of his companion, but in a list appended to the letter, Daniell's name appears as having been wounded on board the boat, so he could not have gone through such a trial. I hope the account will be printed; it belongs to Chamberlain.

General Havelock has fought another battle, and beaten the enemy, but up to the 11th he had not reached Lucknow. General Outram and Mr. J. Peter Grant are coming up country. The 10th Cavalry helped themselves to their officers' chargers, and to some artillery horses, and about 100 came away mounted. There must have been great carelessness. I thank God you have no disarmed Pandeas at Meerut: they are most dangerous brutes.

The battery across the river affords some amusement: the shot just come over, but there is very little probability of their doing any harm, and from the Flagstaff, with a glass, all their movements can be seen. Their rocket tube got out of order, which seemed to be looked upon as a disappointment by the spectators.

The river is provokingly low, but the battery would be against going in the punt.

## LETTER XC.

Camp, Delhi, August 23.

I AM glad to find from your letter of the 21st, that I have succeeded in disabusing you of the idea that there is any fault to find with General Wilson's line of operations. The dissatisfaction in which Meerut has been indulging finds no echo in this camp. Some men may be more tired than others of the delay, but I do not know any real grumbler, and the relief afforded to the force engaged on picket duty, by the arrival of reinforcements, has made men more contented.

A commencement was made yesterday, by constructing a heavy gun battery 300 yards in advance of the Sammy House, hitherto the most advanced post. It is connected with it by a trench, and will bear upon the Moree Bastion. It was thrown up the night before last. The enemy heard the working party, but did not know where they were, and fired grape in all directions, but did not impede the work. I have not heard whether it is to be armed immediately. It must be intolerably close neighbourhood to the Moree, but it is protected by our batteries on the ridge. It will be very interesting to see the progress of the works, and every one longs for the day when shells will be poured into the palace.

They probably have a very faint idea of what is in store for them.

An emissary came out from Zeenut Muhul, the favourite wife of the King, a great political personage, offering to exercise her influence with the King, to bring about some arrangement. I sent word, we wished her personally all happiness, and had no quarrel with women and children, but could hold no communications with any one belonging to the palace. I have probably told you this before.

They seem to be tired of their silly attempt to annoy us with guns and rockets from the other side the river. It was a grand opportunity for their sowars to show their bravery by making their horses curvet and caper within our sight, but well out of range, on the other side of the river.

The account of the Cawnpore tragedy was read out after mess last night: it made one's blood boil again. Three men escaped with Lieut. Delafosse; they were probably private soldiers. He does not attempt to state what occurred after his boat got disengaged from the ghat; no doubt many were taken out and made prisoners, to be reserved for a more miserable fate. I noticed that Mrs. Halliday\* died of small-pox in the trenches. She was the daughter of Colonel Wyndham, who lives in the Chase in Dor-

\* Wife of an officer of the 56th.

setshire; you may remember seeing her at a concert at Blandford,—a fine, handsome girl. A copy has been sent to Sir J. Lawrence, and I hope he will publish it in the "Lahore Chronicle." All the women of the 32nd were murdered. The account will make a great sensation among the men in camp if it appears in the paper. It is possible this calamity might have been prevented if the projected assault of the 12th of June had been successfully carried out. It was such like hope that justified the risk.

A letter from Agra, from an officer to Tombs, states that the Gwalior Contingent has sent in to offer its submission. I suppose Mr. Colvin will seek to gain time by referring the matter to Calcutta. Hodson is to return to camp, and will be back to-morrow or the next day. He had about 300 "Aloo Bokharas," and 80 Guide Cavalry. Waterfield read me a letter from Hugh Gough, written in high spirits. He does not allude to having been hit; his horse was wounded at Rohtuck. Waterfield was with me some time on Friday afternoon, and Edward and Wilby were in the tent at the same time, and we were very merry.

Willock, of the 6th Cavalry, died yesterday of fever, and from effects of a fall from his horse.

## LETTER XCI

Camp, Delhi, August 24.

I HAVE copied for you a plan of the scene of operations, and have only put in the familiar names; I hope it will give you an unconfused idea of the locality. There are three ways of taking the place. 1st. Surprise and assault, an entrance being effected either by blowing in the gates, or escalade, or both. 2nd. Open assault, by escalade. 3rd. By regular approaches, assault being given after a bombardment and effecting a breach. The first mode was to have been attempted if the attack projected on our first arrival had been carried out; but it is too late now; the enemy are on the alert, and have out-posts, and it would not be resorted to when surer means of success are at hand.

The second mode might be attempted; that is to say, our troops could try to march from our position, upwards of a mile, under fire from the walls, to fight their way through the outposts, and then to escalade the walls, and drive the enemy out of the streets. You will easily understand that this could not be done without the certainty of heavy loss, and the street fighting would have to be carried on after the



men had already gone through heavy work and fatigue. If the attack failed at any point, the troops would have to return to their original position, on and behind the ridge.

By the third plan success is rendered as certain as anything can be in war. Some fine morning the enemy will find batteries thrown up during the night in advance of our present position, or it may be necessary, as a preliminary, to take possession of Ludlow Castle, and to hold it, and then to commence erecting batteries. The guns in these batteries will silence the guns on the bastions, and destroy the defences. A further approach can then be made, under cover of a trench and gabions, for the guns to be moved up still closer to the walls, to effect the breach. In the meanwhile, a bombardment will be going on, which will make Delhi a very Pandemonium. When the breach is ready, the troops who have to give the assault move freshly from the trenches, and get at once into the town, and are in a much better condition to clear the streets, and destroy the enemy, than if they had had to fight their way up from the ridge to the walls. If the assault fail from any reason, they have only to retire to the nearest line of trenches, and the firing of our batteries can be immediately resumed,

and the attack renewed when it suits the assailants. With the means at hand of securing the capture of the town, I think you will agree with me, that it would be insanity to risk an open assault. There will of course be loss of life in the trenches and in the actual assault, but the result is secured, and Delhi will learn such a lesson as it never learnt before.

I imagine our first new parallel will be from Ludlow Castle to the river, and in connection with the new post in left front of the Sammy House : that would be about 800 yards from the walls. The guns on the bastions could be silenced from that distance, and then a nearer approach could be made with security. You must know this is all my own conception of what will be done, so if you communicate it to the King of Delhi, you may turn out a bad informant ; but I do not think I am far wrong. The approach will not take long, — I said once, I think, ten or twelve days, but others say less. It will be a glorious time.

Hodson came back this morning looking as fresh as possible. They killed eighty-eight men at Roh-tuck, nearly all Irregular Cavalry men. Hugh Gough got a slight sabre cut on the arm in the first affair ; his brother had his turban cut through in two places at Rohtuck. As I imagined, they were never in

any degree compromised, and were always masters of the position. The same party and their friends have also been defeated, both at Hansi and at Hissar, by Van Cortland's force: so they have rather come to grief. Hodson has not lost a man, and his "Aloo Bokharas" are worth anything.

The Pandeas have, I think, definitively given up the idea of marching to our rear and on Bagput: they are full of suspicion of their leaders, and Meerza Mogul is to be tried to-day by a court-martial, and, unless he can bribe the members, he will stand a bad chance. General Bhukt Khan has been deposed. Sir Edward Campbell, 60th Rifles, is, I am glad to hear, prominently mentioned in the dispatches that record the fights that have taken place. So is Captain Wilton, 60th Rifles.

I do not know why the Rifles march by Kurnaul, unless it is to escort some supplementary siege train. It is not my business to direct these matters, and I scrupulously avoid interfering in arrangements with which I have no proper concern: it is the only way to preserve influence in affairs that come properly under me. These *wise* words are not addressed to you, but they explain my rule of conduct in public affairs.

## LETTER XCII.

Camp, Delhi, August 25.

THE post did not come in till this morning, and I was afraid it had been intercepted: the rain is likely to do that to-day, it is coming down hard. The moveable column under General Nicholson is unlucky in that way: they marched out this morning to look after the Bareilly and Neemuch brigades, who left the city yesterday by a road that leads both to Goorgaon and Rohtuck, so their real direction is not precisely known. They give out they are coming to our rear. They will find themselves in a trap if they do. Shute is with them, so is Sir Theophilus Metcalfe. He has three troops of Horse Artillery, and if he comes across the rebels, will be able to attack them at once.

I have been reading the "Home News" this morning. I like the articles and letters about India, and the speeches, all excepting Mr. V. Smith's; but the feeling of the country was not aroused when the mail left. The treachery perpetrated at Cawnpore and Allahabad was still unknown. Do not send me any papers except the "Examiner." I see all the others at the mess. Captain Garstin and Maisey are excellent mess managers, and I am lucky to belong

to such a good mess. I have not dined at "the Meerut" for an age. Tombs, Hill, Mackinnon, and Frith are the only members left whom I know.

I am afraid it is too certain that the only men who escaped from Cawnpore were Lieutenants Delafosse and Thompson, of the 53rd Native Infantry, one private of the 84th, and one of the Artillery.

General Havelock appears to be manœuvring to entice the rebels out to fight in the open. He had made arrangements to recross, when he suddenly marched back, and caught the enemy again at Bisharutgunj, and took two guns. He has gained eight victories, and taken sixty-six guns in action. He found some more at Bithour. The Dinapore regiment have been destroyed or dispersed. Holme's Irregulars at Segowlee have mutinied; they wanted to get to Dinapore, but were too late. I suppose they will get into Oude.

I agree with Dunlop about avoiding to burn villages now. It is a punishment suited to times when you have no time for any other, and are opposed by an armed force. Hanging the parties with whom the plundered property is found is a better retribution. Wilby has heard that his horses at Allahabad are saved through his servants.

## LETTER XCIII.

Camp, Delhi, August 26.

I MENTIONED in my letter yesterday that General Nicholson's column had marched out to intercept the Delhi troops moving to our rear. They left at four A.M., stopped for two hours at Munglaee, resumed their march at noon, and came upon the enemy at four P.M. They were encamped about a serai, two miles from Nujjufghur. Our troops attacked at once, drove them off, and captured twelve guns and the camp baggage and ammunition. The Pandeas tried to make a stand at a village on the way to the bridge, but were beaten out, and driven headlong over the bridge, and into the canal cut. It was a complete victory, and gained, we hear, at little cost. Lieutenant Lumsdaine, a valuable officer of Coke's corps, was killed, and the other casualties are reckoned at forty to fifty. Nicholson blew up the bridge and all the tumbrels and ammunition waggons he could not move, and marched homewards this morning. We heard the explosions about two A.M., and thought there had been a night attack: the sound of the real action had scarcely been heard.

About seven this morning, young Low, of the 9th Cavalry, came in with the real news, which could

scarcely have been improved upon. We expect the column back to-morrow morning with their trophies. This is a good prelude to more serious operations. The Pandeas are trying to cover their disgrace by attacking the right, but they do not get on.

I am glad to see you take so much intelligent interest in all that is going on. I have tried to bring you over to my own way of thinking, by argument, and not by reproach, for having advanced different ideas. I wish you were living in a sounder atmosphere of public opinion. There are military men at Meerut who talk and write in a way that does not suit the prevalent notions in this camp. The nature of the different modes of attack will show you the objections to an open assault. When circumstances justified the incurring of risks, I was all for the attack, but now it is difficult to conceive how any one could advocate it, except out of profound ignorance or prejudice.

Nicholson's force consisted of 400 61st, 400 1st Europeans, Coke's corps, and Seikhs, sixteen guns, and Guide and Punjab Cavalry. The Delhi troops consisted of the Bareilly and Neemuch brigades, but I believe that only the former had crossed the canal cut. A buggy was captured, which is supposed to have belonged to General Bhukt Khan. Metcalfe

went on a-head to seek for the best road: the Pandeas tried to cut him down, but he got away from them. I am late, having been out to watch the attack, but the goodness of the news will compensate for the shortness of the letter.

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## LETTER XCIV.

Camp, Delhi, August 27.

WE were cheated out of our anticipated spectacle, for this morning the victors marched in straight to camp, and the main body did not arrive till after dark. The men preferred getting home at once, to encamping out on wet ground; so it was all for the best. The main body was preceded by the baggage and followers, and it was amusing to see the different descriptions of plunder that were brought in. One fellow, mounted on a pony, had a live peacock under his arm, with an immense tail. A good deal of money was picked up, and a rare assortment of cooking pots and "lotas." \* There were thirteen guns taken; two are of native make (3-pounders), but as heavy in metal as our 6-pounder guns. The force came in in high spirits, and have just reason to be elated with their success.

\* Drinking vessels.



To surprise the enemy, and to get at them with sufficient daylight left to complete their overthrow, it was necessary to outstrip the baggage, and as a cannonade in the front does not accelerate the pace of camp followers, our troops were without food, liquor, or shelter for twenty-four hours; the officers were in the same plight, and all were wet through, and had only the wet ground to lie upon. But the success compensated for everything, and all were delighted with the day's work.

Lieutenant Gabbett, of the 61st, was wounded in the side by a bayonet, in the act of taking a gun, and died from internal bleeding. Another officer of the same regiment, named Elkington, was shot in the head, and has been trepanned. Lumsdaine is a great loss to Coke's regiment; they have none of the officers who came down with them remaining. Coke is wounded, and the others all killed.

It was the Neemuch, not the Bareilly, division that was engaged. The latter had lagged behind, and did not come up in time to take a share in the action. Their general, Bhukt Khan, is accused of being in league with us. Tombs and Shute were with the column, and Metcalfe accompanied it, and was of use, as he knew the ground. He is a good

soldier: he received a military education, and has plenty of pluck.

I am curious to see whether my description of the different modes of attack will prevail against the ardent advocacy of —— for the most dashing form of attack. I can assure you no ensign in camp would commit himself to such nonsense as he talked. What you say about the debt of retribution due to the city and bazaars of Meerut is quite just. One wonders now, and indeed one feels ashamed of the cold condition of public feeling, that could view the horrible sights presented on the morning of the 11th, without at once taking a terrible revenge.

We were talking about this at the Rifle Mess the other night, and every one admitted such a thing could not occur again. Retribution would now have to be taken in cold blood, and some clue must be obtained to the real perpetrators. But a handsome revenge can yet be taken. The buildings about the whole scene of the murders can be destroyed. It must be shown that British blood cannot be spilt with impunity in this country. The General had not heard of any diminution having been made in the strength of the detachment of Rifles. I am myself glad that fifty more are left you; 150 will be sufficient to set up the regiment again, and allow it to

take its proper place in the operations. The Artillery were absolutely necessary, as we shall have so many more guns in position.

The General is of course much pleased at Nicholson's success. It is such a decided advantage. Nothing like it has occurred since the 8th of June.

Edward and Waterfield have been sitting with me and talking, and I had to drop my letter, and am almost late. I dine to-night with Edward, and meet Dr. Bowhill, whom we knew at Mount Aboo. Three months to-day since I saw you. Nothing but the work we are about would reconcile me to this separation.

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LETTER XCV.

Camp, Delhi, August 28.

You will become a Todleben in time; and it is a great pleasure to me to find the interest you take in the operations. Ludlow Castle is at present in occupation of the enemy. They were driven out of it on the 23rd of July, and 12th of August, when the four guns were taken, but it would be no advantage to us to hold it until we are prepared to adopt the offensive in earnest.

Our advanced post on the left is the Metcalfe

pickets. There are three, which support each other,—the stable, the cow-house, and the mound. They form an oblique line of posts, which are connected (by a chain of sentries at night) with the Flagstaff, and form a very strong position, and the nature of the ground in front preserves them from being molested by the fire from the town. They have only succeeded in knocking down the river corner of the stables, which is exposed to the fire of the water bastion. Otherwise shot fly over the posts, and pitch about the house (Metcalf's), which is not occupied. They occasionally pitch a shell in, but they are too infrequent and uncertain to be cared for.

The accompanying sketch will show you the difficulty presented by a glacis. People will have to be "clever for climbing" to get over it, and if it is not considered practicable, the batteries may have to be advanced to the crest of the glacis,—rather close quarters. It is not a slight difficulty which allows a breach to be called impracticable. Ladders and woolsacks will come into play as aids. In the meanwhile the Rifles line the crest of the glacis, and keep off the enemy as much as possible.

It appears almost incredible, but our information from the town assures us that General Bhukt Khan

and the Bareilly division have left the city to essay to get to our rear, by a bridge still further up the Escape. They have thus to make a longer circuit, and have to traverse a still more swampy line of country, while we can intercept them by sending troops down the Trunk road, to the point where they finally try to get to our rear, or can meet them if they march down the Escape. In either case, we must have information of their movements, and choose our own time and place for fighting them. Bhukt Khan was grossly abused for not supporting the Neemuch force on the 25th, so I suppose he is driven to desperation.

Several of the correspondents write that the Neemuch men gave out, on their return, that the people of the country rose upon our force on their return, and recaptured the thirteen guns and took four others, and killed 400 Europeans, and the idiots believed it. My correspondent says he hopes it is not true, but that the report took the breath out of his body. Nicholson will like nothing better than to serve the Bareilly walas\* as he did the Neemuch men, and our fellows are all ripe for it. Imagine a Sepoy on the 25th throwing down his arms, and begging to be spared because he had

\* Men.

served the Company for many years. You can fancy the answer to such an appeal.

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## LETTER XCVI.

Camp, Delhi, August 29.

I HAD hardly hoped for the good fortune of getting so many letters \* and so quickly. I do not hear of any one else from Meerut having received any. The genuine outburst of feeling from every one with whom we are acquainted is very touching, and the heartfelt interest shown in us by people who only know us through our families is the offspring of the true English friendship rarely formed out of England. I relish very much the proofs of attachment to us shown by the servants. How genuine is the outpouring of my dear mother's heart! how tender and affectionate she is! Your father's letter, too, is most affectionate. I doubt whether we should have got through them if we had been reading them together; they produced a sense of choking even when read alone. The tribute paid to your courage pleases me very much. Wilby came and read them this morning, and Edward has got them now.

\* These letters refer to our escape in May.

The boat at Bagput has been sunk by a party of insurgents; this was done yesterday afternoon, but as the mail-bag has not returned, I hope it got across in a pontoon boat that was left. I will, however, send this by Kurnaul, as I am not assured of the safety of the road, and write also by Bagput. The insurgents in Barote are not formidable in numbers, and they have not been joined by any Delhi troops, but having no one at present to oppose them, they can of course stop the post, and plunder at pleasure. All this will soon be put an end to.

I believe the Neemuch force has not returned, at least in any organisation, to Delhi. The King was led to believe yesterday they were still resisting us, and sent out two elephants laden with parched grain for their refreshment. A fugitive sowar, who was indiscreet enough to tell the truth, was snubbed by the courtiers. The siege train is, I hear, well over the Markundah River; it must have been delayed by the rain. It halted, unfortunately, at Umballa, on a dry day, which, if taken advantage of, would have put it beyond all obstacles.

The news of General Anson's death reached home on the 11th July. Sir Colin Campbell was at once appointed Commander-in-chief, started next day, and caught the steamer at Malta. General Mansfield,

who was in the 53rd, comes out as Chief of the Staff. Norman heard from Sir Colin at Aden. He must be now in Calcutta. One can understand now why Sir P. Grant did not come up country. I believe the arrangement a good one. Sir Patrick had too many friends and partialities in Bengal.

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## LETTER XCVII.

Camp, Delhi, August 30.

THE post from Meerut has found its way through Bagput: so I hope this will reach you safely by the same route. It will greet you on your birthday; and I fondly wish I could have been with you, if but for that one auspicious day; but that cannot be, and I must content myself with sending you my warmest good wishes and dearest love and best hopes for an early meeting. It will be a joyous one when it takes place; and it is a consolation to think that my absence has been on a duty which every brave heart in the Service must envy me. How little my mother and others thought that I should be assigned such a good part in the operations; and how proud, though anxious, she will be to have all her *three* sons serving before Delhi: she is the only mother in England who can boast of that.



It seems pretty certain that the Bareilly division have given up the insane idea of getting to our rear. I do not hear of the Jhansee force having moved beyond Ghazeendeen. It is, of course, vexatious to see one's friends in trouble, and not to be able to assist them, and to allow miserable rebels to raise insurrection in our immediate neighbourhood. But these are trifles when compared with the cardinal objects of the campaign: these are the capture of Delhi, and the preservation of our cantonments at Meerut.

I believe both have been now provided for; and you will readily understand that the success of the first should not be risked by wasting strength on the latter. General Penny will very soon have a force that will be quite suited for offensive operations against local rebels.

Havelock found enemies collecting in his rear: so he recrossed the river, and again attacked Bithour, where the 42nd Native Infantry and other troops had taken post, and thrashed them well: our fellows got the opportunity of using their bayonets freely. He was in march for Sheorajpore, to clear out another band. He seems quite master of his own actions, and I believe he is acting on the conviction that the Lucknow garrison is safe, and his course is to clear the country

of rebels, while reinforcements are marching up, which will allow him to make a decided blow at Lucknow.

Our latest news from Agra is of the 25th. A brigade of Madras troops has arrived in Calcutta; a Naval Brigade, under Captain Peel, R. N., are coming up. The Agra force has redeemed its laurels. 156 Europeans (the militia, cavalry, and four guns) attacked 3000 rebels near Allyghur, and killed 300 to 400, and put the rest to flight. They lost five killed, and nine wounded; among the former Mr. Tandy and Ensign Marsh. Longueville Clarke was wounded.

Last night our people were employed in clearing the ground to the right front, and did a great deal. They turned a party of the enemy out of a breast-work they had thrown up, and killed seventeen. We lost two riflemen. All this is preliminary to the great *coup*, and, you may depend upon it, General Wilson is in downright earnest, and will not change his mind at the last moment.

The disarmed Native Infantry at Umballa had been deserting in numbers, so Hartley ordered the remnant (140) to be taken to jail; on their way they tried to escape, and the 8th killed 100 of them. There can be no doubt about poor Sir Henry Law-

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rence's death, for General Outram is appointed Chief Commander in Oude, with chief military command in the Cawnpore and Dinapore Divisions.

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## LETTER XCVIII

Camp, Delhi, August 31.

I TRUST our communications with Meerut by Bagput are again reassured. I have heard from different native sources that a force from Meerut attacked Barote, and Shahmul's grandson has fled to Delhi. He will not be welcome, coming so often in the character of a fugitive. I suppose the detachment of Rifles took these places on their way: it will have been a good parting service to Meerut. But nothing is known for certain about the affair in camp, and you do not allude to any such expedition being in contemplation, yet I hardly think they would go without the "Khakees."\*

I went with Edward yesterday afternoon up to Hindoo Rao's, to see the new battery; knowing Reid†, we were able to go up to the top of the house, which commands an excellent view. He has made a watch-tower with sand-bags on the roof, from which he, or one of his lynx-eyed Goorkhas, is

\* Meerut Volunteers.

† Commander of Simmoor Rifle Battalion.

continually on the look-out, and no one can stir from the city on our side without being seen. He has been the watchman of the camp ever since he arrived, and has never been found napping. It was a most excellent arrangement placing him in permanent command of this post,—he knows the ground so well, and is so wonderfully vigilant. He has been in every fight, and has lost half his regiment, but has never been touched. The upper story is occupied as a hospital by his Goorkhas. It has been necessary to put up traverses before the windows, to keep out the round shot, and one cannot conceive a more unquiet place for sick men, but they would not hear of any other arrangement.

We could see the new trench, and the ground that had been cleared on the night of the 29th. The new battery at the end of the trench is nearly completed, and Reid pointed out the localities to be occupied by the other batteries in the first parallel. The position of the second parallel, and the actual points of attack, are still secrets, and are likely to remain so. Some shots from the city were fired at the new battery while we were looking on, and I heard afterwards that Warrand, of the Engineers, lost his arm, and a Seikh was killed.

While we were looking out, a detachment of 400

or 500 Pandeas marched out of the Lahore Gate, followed by two Horse Artillery guns. They walked very listlessly, and with scarcely any formation. We hoped to see a shot plump among them from the right battery, but the trees obscured their view of the road, and the Pandeas had passed under cover before they got word. It is supposed they came out to drive in our working parties, but they were not employed last night in that direction, so they were a night too late, and they did nothing. It was a very pleasant visit.

It is raining nicely to-day, and we shall soon say good bye to the hot weather, and these late rains promise well for the health of the camp. There is some fever about, but the cases are not very severe, and cholera has disappeared. Lieut. Walker, of the Bombay Engineers, has recovered from an attack of it. Tombs was sitting with me to-day: he looks quite well and strong again.

There are such a number of members at the head-quarter mess, that there is positively no room for guests; and I cannot ask any one till we get an additional leaf to the table. It is the best mess I ever belonged to for conversation; and we are very well catered for by Maisey and Garstin. This is not a very jolly way of keeping one's birthday; but it can-

not be helped, and I have no doubt plenty of people are keeping it for me. I hope the rain will not prevent my getting a letter from you; that would be unlucky. It will not interfere with the arrival of the siege train, as it is on the "pukka" road: 500 carts, laden with ammunition, arrived two days ago.

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LETTERXCIX.

Camp, Delhi, Sept. 1.

IT has been a great disappointment to me to have received no letters from you up to this time since the 30th. Of all two days in the year they should have been graced with the greatest abundance of happiness, and they have proved the blankest I have passed. But there is no contending against the irregularities to which the unhappy Bagput line is subjected. Nothing can prevent me from thinking of you, dearest, and wishing you all the happiness this world can bestow. We have had, of late, to draw largely on contentment and self-denial; but every day brings us nearer to the end of all this. This day ten years I returned to you at Mount Aboo from my expedition against Doongjee; and well do I remember what a day of happiness that was. I dare say one relishes

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life more for having the bitter intermingled with the sweet, and that we are still to be envied.

I imagine it was a mistake of my informants, that the Rifles were diverted from their line of march to attack Barote, and that the panic among the insurgents was caused by the news of the march of English troops, and was therefore only temporary. I am thankful to think we are soon to be relieved from subjection to the annoyances of these miserable insurgents. When the great candle of Delhi is snuffed out, the lesser lights will be glad to put themselves out; and every effort must now be directed to increase the power of the extinguisher of Delhi.

The train will be in on the 3rd or 4th, at latest, and then the days of Delhi will be numbered. I have not heard of any further works being constructed. The chief object of the new 6-gun advanced battery is to keep down the fire from the city while the other batteries are being raised: its position is much admired by connoisseurs.

It is sultry again to-day; so I suppose we shall have more rain. There is some fever about among the men, not of a deadly kind; but the 61st do not shake off the cholera altogether. I trust the excitement of the attack will have a good effect. I have not seen Wilby for two days. I suppose he is busy

on some secret work. He had to call in at Edward's tent yesterday to get the gravel combed out of his hair that had been thrown into it by a round shot striking a breastwork against which he was leaning. I hear there is good singing every night in the right battery, when not interrupted by the firing. There is no news, from any side, that you do not see in the "Lahore Chronicle."

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## LETTER C.

Camp, Delhi, Sept. 2.

I WAS rejoiced this morning to get your letters of the 29th and 30th. It was such a pleasure to see your writing again after two blank days, and the very days of the year I was best entitled to enjoy the pleasure. Wilby came to dine with me yesterday, and we drank your health. He had not remembered the day; in fact, he is altogether out in his calendar, and generally comes to church on Monday morning.

McBarnett, of the 55th Native Infantry, was at dinner. I had not met him since the last day we were at Ascot. I knew him and liked him as a youngster at Ferozepore; he has grown a fine-looking man. He was in Thibet when his regiment mutinied, and he had purchased a number of "Looees," &c., as presents for



men of his company. He says he feels as if he had been betrayed by his dearest friends, and is much exasperated by the accusations which have been made against the officers for not cultivating the affections of their men. The Court of Directors are doing their best to lower themselves in public opinion.

The new battery in the first parallel will not be armed until we are prepared to establish the others.

The siege train will not be in till the 5th: they had to send their elephants to help the Rifles over the river, in the low lands of the Jumna, and were detained a day. General Penny decided on taking the Kurnaul road. Being on the eve of beginning the great work of the campaign, it would be a mistake if General Wilson sent away any part of his force to act on the other side the river, in prosecution of an enterprise that does not directly contribute to the fall of Delhi.

It is, I admit, an annoyance to have a miserable rebel like Waladad in the neighbourhood, but his rebellion has no influence on the results of the campaign; whereas, if the Neemuch and Bareilly forces had been allowed to establish themselves in our rear, the arrival and safety of the siege train would have been endangered, and the success of the campaign compromised. I hope the column may fall in with the

Malaghur rascals: they will give a good account of them. But the Pandees and their friends have had the fight so taken out of them that there is little chance of their appearing in the field against us.

I feel certain that General Outram is going to march with the 5th, 37th, and 90th, from Benares, by Fyzabad, to Lucknow, and that he will have Nepal troops acting with him. This will be a good move, and Havelock will catch the rebels when they are bolted out of Lucknow.

The accounts of the Cawnpore massacre in the "Bombay Times" are terrible: the children were thrown alive into wells, along with their murdered mothers.

Campbell (52nd) has heard from his brother in the 90th. He came out in the "Himalayah:" she was twice nearly lost by running aground. People here talk of the 20th as the likely day for the fall of Delhi, but I think it may happen sooner. I must remain with General Wilson until further orders; he cannot decide on his movements yet. You can certainly pledge yourself to await the fall of Delhi before leaving for the Hills. Captain Wilton left this yesterday for the Hills, but there is nothing to indicate unhealthiness about our encamping ground; it is sandy and dries very quickly. Robertson (8th) is

able to go out airing in a doolee, and will soon be well again.

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## LETTER CI.

Camp, Delhi, Sept. 3.

I HOPE the missing mails made their appearance. The safe passage of your letter across through Bagput, after the boat had been sunk, gave rise to delusive hopes. I am glad you continue to like the house.

I was glad to see Hogge again; he is a valuable addition at this time. Young Trench has been allowed to join the Artillery as a volunteer. The school of instruction is the centre battery, which is considered rather a mild place by comparison.

There is an extraordinary tale about the 31st Native Infantry at Saugor, Norman's regiment; it was written to him by a brother officer. Notwithstanding that the Brigadier compelled all the officers, at their peril, to leave the lines and retire into the fort, the regiment continued loyal, defeated the 42nd Native Infantry and 3rd Irregular Cavalry, took their colours and a gun they had secured, and presented them to the Brigadier, and preserved the property of all their officers. The latter were then

allowed to return, and the regiment performed other service. The letter was dated 17th July, and the regiment was still at its post on the 2nd August. Such conduct seems so unnatural in these times, one is prepared to hear something awful happening.

The siege train is to be followed, at a short interval, by a regiment of Punjab Infantry, and four regiments, six guns, and some cavalry from Cashmere. I hope we shall see the train to-morrow. When once the batteries open, it will not take more than two or three days to prepare the way for the assaulting parties, and to bombard the town.

The General came into my tent while Edward was sitting with me. Edward expressed a hope the 8th would be assigned a good place in the assault; the General asked what he considered a good place, to which Edward replied, "The front of the column," and claimed the post on behalf of his officers and men as their right, as the 8th is the senior regiment in camp. The General appeared much pleased with the reply.

I see Campbell (52nd) every day; he comes over and smokes his after-breakfast cheroot with me. A detachment of two companies of infantry and two troops of the 13th Irregular Cavalry have gone from Delhi to Bagput; when they hear the din of our

batteries they will probably congratulate themselves on being out of it, but consider the proximity too close. The 11th seems the favourite day; it was on that date in 1803 that Lord Lake took Delhi.

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## LETTER CII.

Camp, Delhi, Sept. 4.

THE siege guns came in this morning about three o'clock; they passed close to Waterfield's tent, so he got up and saw them. Each gun was drawn by two elephants; the carts were still streaming in when I went out, and the supply of shot and shell seems sufficient to grind Delhi to powder.

Edward has got 230 more men, which gives him something more like a regiment to command. The Beloch battalion are fantastically dressed in green, with broad stripes of red across the chest. They seem nice cheerful fellows. I do not know when they are to go to Meerut. I presume their commanding officer will do his best to see this place taken. I am to go this evening with Edward to be shown over the Engineers' park by Wilby, which means the collection of gabions, fascines, &c., prepared for the siege. It is a vast undertaking, and I

have no doubt care has been taken to leave nothing unheeded.

All the artillery officers, horse and foot, and staff, will serve in the batteries, and the fire will be incessant night and day. Delhi little knows what is in store for it. It is so fortunate we had not to wait for Havelock; he might not be here for the next two months, and I think our hearts would have failed us at such a prospect.

It was with very great concern that I heard yesterday of Stewart Beatson\* having been carried off by cholera at Cawnpore. The intelligence is in a Scinde paper, and is, I fear, too true. He is a great loss; and I grieve to think of the affliction his death will cause. I wrote all the circumstances of Willoughby's death to Ellen, to communicate, if she thought fit, to Mrs. Willoughby. I trust if any poor Christians are still alive in Delhi, we may rescue them; they must be in friendly hands, for the Sepoys have not knowingly allowed one to live.

Jan Fishan's nephew wanted to carry a letter to you, but I declined to give him one. He is a fine brave fellow, but his modesty does not stand in his way. If he is not quick about it Delhi will be taken without his assistance, which would astonish him very

\* Captain in the 1st Light Cavalry.

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much, as he has no mean opinion of the assistance he affords the army. Old Jan Fishan himself is unwell: he is a nice old man. He was out among the foremost on the 12th August; he was of course not in the secret, but he said he heard the Guides were saddling, so he knew something was in the wind, and accompanied them.

I am going to dine with Tombs this evening at the Umballa mess. We have had two very hot days, but the sky is overcast, and we are promised a bumper of rain.

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#### LETTER CIII.

Camp, Delhi, Sept. 5.

FOR the present it will be better to write by Kurnaul. Everybody in camp is too much occupied with the grand work in hand to give a thought to the Bagput road; but the evil cannot be of long duration; there will be a crash in a few days that will bring all these miserable little rebellions to an end. I have not seen the programme of operations, but every day's work is chalked out and written down in elaborate detail. Baird Smith is not a man to forget the smallest trifle.

The Engineers' park is a busy scene. There are

forests of gabions, and acres of fascines, all ready to be transported to the scene of action; and platforms for guns and frameworks of magazines, sand-bags, entrenching tools, ladders, and everything requisite for the construction of batteries and for the attack. There are two fresh infernal machines, which will, I hope, meet with better success; if they can but reach the bridge, they must cause great destruction.

The Ordnance park is also a busy scene, and has a formidable appearance. Hogge is the life of it, and every one works hard and cheerfully under him. The guns will have to be taken down by bullocks, as elephants cannot be trusted under fire; they have a great sense of self-preservation. Every exertion and precaution has been made and taken to ensure success; and any one who sees the extent of the preparations that are requisite, would not be disposed to think that much time has been lost.

I had a pleasant dinner with Tombs. I sat next to Remington, who is in temporary command of Olphert's troop. I had not made his acquaintance before. He is liked. Fagan was opposite: he is always gay and cheerful, and never so much so as when under a hot fire. Light is quite done up by low fever: it is such a pity he did not go away for a fortnight for change of air. It is doubtful whether



he will be able to do an hour's work in the batteries; it is a grievous disappointment to him. I had a long talk with him this morning. Robertson (8th) will, I fear, have to go away. I fancy Innes must refer to intercepted native letters. Sedition was expected to be found in every line, but they turned out to be mostly loveletters.

I got a message from the Governor-General yesterday, dated 20th August. It was telegraphed to Cawnpore, then by Cossid through Agra. It was only to warn me against receiving any advances from the Palace people. . . . .

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#### LETTER CIV.

Camp, Delhi, Sept. 6.

I HAVE no letter from you later than the 2nd: something has delayed the Kurnaul post. The Rifles marched in this morning in their usual jaunty way. They were looking very well; and every fellow, in return to the tender inquiries that were made after them, had a good account to give of himself. One said he felt "prime," another "famous," and all never better in their lives. The 52nd band played them in: they belong to the same brigade, and there was plenty

of cheering. They arrived before the service commenced, at six. I was glad to see Macauley again.

The new position is to be taken up to-morrow evening, and the batteries will be thrown up during the night, and then the work begins in earnest. The Pandees are very quiet; they have withdrawn their posts from about Ludlow Castle, and our reconnoitring parties move about in that direction without being molested. Prize agents are being appointed, and everything valuable in the city becomes lawful prize of war. With such skilful plunderers as the Pandees in possession for three months, it is not likely that much will be readily found, and it is very questionable whether the Punjab troops will be made to refrain from pillage.

Young Somerville, of the Artillery, who was at Meerut, died of brain fever yesterday. Nearly all the people I am in the habit of meeting are very well.

The villains in the Jodhpore Legion, stationed at Aboo, mutinied on the 21st ultimo. There was a party of 150 on the Mount, and they crept, in the morning early, up to the barracks, where fifty European convalescents were sleeping, and fired through the doors and windows. No one was hit; and the only person wounded was young Lawrence the civi-

lian, son of George Lawrence: he was shot through the thigh. The mutineers went down the hill, and only lost one man. It is feared that the Adjutant and the Serjeant Major at Erinpoora would fall victims. I suppose all those nice houses and gardens will be destroyed.

The people at Lucknow had been heard of up to the 25th. According to a letter from Cawnpore, they were still holding out. It will be a mortal disgrace if Lucknow falls, with so many regiments on the move. I have warned Sapte\* to be ready to accompany our movable column if it goes down the Doab. The General does not make up his mind to what he shall do himself after the place falls.

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LETTER CV.

Camp, Delhi, Sept. 7.

THE new 6-gun battery was armed last night, and a good deal of clearance work was effected. All this was preliminary. The real siege operations commence this evening. The vast quantity of materials collected for the erection of batteries will be transported, under cover of darkness, and of a covering party from the park, to the ground fixed upon for

\* Magistrate of Bolundshur, doing duty at Meerut.

batteries. They will be thrown up at once, and by morning a portion of them will be ready to open fire. By Wednesday morning the whole line of fire will be playing on the city.

Edward and I dined with Wilby last night, as he will not be again in camp. Now Edward has been appointed to the command of the troops employed on the left attack during the bombardment, so Edward and Wilby will be both serving together under the same fire for the whole period, and I alone am left in camp. I wish I were a gunner, and could command the artillery force employed on the left: the arrangement would then be complete, and I never feel anxieties when I can see what is going on; the general indifference to danger must be catching. I hope it will please God to bring them safe out of the danger. They are both happy and proud at being selected to serve in such a prominent position.

The troops in the trenches will be relieved daily, but Edward will remain in command during the whole time. It will be very arduous work, but must bring distinction, and his selection is a high compliment. When the assault takes place, he will, I presume, return to the command of his regiment. He has just ridden up to receive his final orders from the General. Major Reid commands the troops in

the right attack, and General Nicholson the whole body.

The news from Lucknow is reassuring: at least General Neill writes on the 27th August, that the garrison had beaten off an assault, and dealt out such slaughter among the fanatics who led, that they are not likely to renew aggressive measures, and that the garrison, though short of English supplies and meat, have abundance of wheat. He says that all obstructions have been removed to the march of troops, and that they are coming up rapidly. I have no hopes left of poor Beatson. I saw to-day an address from General Havelock, in which he deplores the loss of his Deputy-Assistant Adjutant-General. He does not mention the name, but we know Beatson held the appointment. I am very sorry for his loss.

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LETTER CVI.

Camp, Delhi, Sept. 8.

THE siege has commenced under the best auspices. Ludlow Castle and Koolsia Bagh were taken possession of by Edward's detachment, and No. 1. 10-gun battery was thrown up and armed, without the loss of a single man. The enemy must have been

in entire ignorance of our designs, and quite off their guard.

After dark a fire was opened from the left and centre batteries at Hindoo Rao's, which drew out the fire of all the bastions, and occupied their attention, and they were actually firing the greater part of the night, far over the heads of the working parties, who were preparing such mischief for them close under their noses.

No. 1. is 650 yards from the Moree, and it was certainly a bold design to push a battery forward so far at once. It was quite expected that we should lose many men in establishing ourselves. Six guns out of the ten have been firing, the other four are in the battery, and will be brought into play this afternoon; 800 camels were employed in taking down the fascines, and 300 in carrying ammunition. Many more guns and mortars will be in position tomorrow; as it is, our fire appears already superior, and the Moree has visibly suffered, and a number of good shots have been made at the Cashmeeree Bastion.

I have had a note from Wilby, assuring me of his and Edward's safety; the worst, until the assault, is, I hope, now over, for they resented the surprise this morning, and came out in considerable force. Wilby

had a bullet through his coat sleeve. From the top of the mosque I could see Edward charging down at the head of a party; I could not see him return, and my heart failed me, but, thank God, all was well.

There have, of course, been losses: the total number killed and wounded is about thirty. Hildebrand, of the Artillery, and Bannerman, of the Beloches, are killed; and Lieutenant Budd, of the Horse Artillery, struck in the chest by a splinter. I went out this morning with the General to meet the Cashmere troops; they are a very fair lot,—as good as any native state troops I have seen, and will probably do service after their own fashion, though not to be trusted in battery or in the open. It is raining now, which is refreshing; it was very hot in the batteries, I hear.

I have got your letter of the 5th: I believed the Misses Jackson were at Lucknow; that was the last report. Probyn sent a man to Futtehghur to inquire after his brother, and he had the happiness of having a letter brought back to him. He, his wife, and children, are all safe. W. Edwards was with him. I have been out a good deal, looking on; I am fid-geetty now I am in camp without the brothers, but, please God, all will be well.

## LETTER CVII.

Camp, Delhi, Sept. 9.

EVERYTHING is going on as well as the worst enemy of the Pandeas could desire. They appear quite unable to offer any substantial opposition to our approaches, and are content with annoying from a distance, which is not the way to stop Britishers. I went up again to the Flagstaff at six yesterday evening. Major Brind had got his ten guns at work, and was firing salvos at the Moree and Cashmeeree. The effect on the Moree, which is the nearest, is very telling; every shot strikes home, and sends up a column of dust, and the shells burst inside it.

The enemy brought two light guns and some rockets to Kishengunj, with hope of enfilading the batteries; it was a very pretty sight, and if we had only known, as now, that they failed to do any harm, it would have been highly enjoyable; but some seemed to go so near, and a rocket inside a battery would be an ugly customer. One rocket flew right across from Kishengunj into Metcalfe's grounds at one bound; another pulled up on the road, 300 yards from the Flagstaff; several ended their careers in the ravine. It was very exciting.

After dinner I could not refrain from going down

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to pay the brothers a visit at Koolsia Bagh. Turnbull, the aide-de-camp, and Blane, of the 52nd, accompanied me. We rode down to Ludlow Castle, and then went on foot through the gardens. This was all Pandey land until the evening of the 7th, but is now our own again. A little way on we heard the sound of bills and axes, and came on a working party making a battery for twelve 5½-inch mortars, which are to deal destruction on the Cashmeere Bastion and thereabouts. I found old Wilby at his post, but under an altered arrangement. Edward had been relieved, and had returned to camp before I left.

The operations will last two or three days longer than was expected, and as the field officer of the trenches must not sleep night or day, a relief was necessary. The Koolsia Bagh is a nice shady place; the lemon and orange trees have been cut down for our purposes, and the air was loaded with scents little known in camp. It ends with a terrace on the river, and is surrounded on three sides with a high wall. It is only 250 yards from the city wall, and shot were flying about through the trees, but quite harmless, as the high wall prevents the Pandees from firing into the garden. M'Gill and Eaton (60th Rifles) were there on duty, and soldiers sleeping in every direction, while a working party

were filling sand-bags for another battery. I did not get back till near midnight.

This morning I went up to the top of the mosque, and enjoyed the sight of the pounding at the Moree. The parapet is so cut down, they have had to draw their guns back, and can only fire at random, but they deserve credit for sticking so well to them. The places on the ridge are now filled with sight-seers, and it is certainly a most interesting sight. It is found to be best not to open any more batteries until all are ready, as the working parties get on the more quickly from not being molested by heavy fire.

All the other batteries are on the left, and Pandey does not seem the least aware of any mischief brewing there; the fire is directed against the right; nothing but stray musket shots and a little grape are fired to the left. Every one is perfectly well satisfied with the progress, and on the morning of the 11th, the whole force of the besieging power will be in play.

I have just had a note from Wilby; he is as cheery as possible. He got a shot through his sleeve yesterday: I trust his precious body will escape. There have only been one serjeant killed and three men wounded since I wrote.

There was a stupid accident yesterday, which

caused more mischief. Some "classies" were unloading a cartful of live shells, and instead of taking them out one by one, they tilted the cart, and the concussion sent off some of the shells, and caused a grand explosion in the middle of the camp. Five "classies" were killed, and two wounded, and three Europeans were slightly hurt. A bit of a shell cut the pole of Lieut. Baillie's tent, and brought it about his ears. Another piece fell in the Rifle Camp without hurting any one.

Mr. Grant\* has got into a mess near Shamlee; he tried to coerce a village, but found he had caught a Tartar. I suppose that gave rise to the report of the communications being stopped. We have a nice change in the weather.

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#### LETTER CVIII.

Camp, Delhi, Sept. 10.

I FEAR my last letter or two may have been intercepted, for no Meerut post has come in to-day, and the "Goojurs" appear to be out again in Meerut, and Mozuffernugger districts. Everything, thank God, is going on satisfactorily, and the brothers are safe and well.

\* Government magistrate of Mozuffernugger.

On the night of the 7th, Koolsia Bagh and Ludlow Castle were occupied by a detachment under Edward's command and guided by Wilby. No resistance was offered. At the same time battery No. 1, of four 24-pounders and six 18-pounders, was erected, and armed, and when morning dawned, the Pandeas found they had lost their advanced posts, and that a formidable battery was staring at them within 650 yards. At first only four of our guns could play; but by the afternoon all the ten were on their platforms, and riddled the Moree and Cashmeeree Bastions; at first it was hard work for them, as they had to sustain the fire of all the bastions, but they soon got the better of it.

An attack was made on the Koolsia Bagh, and some Pandeas got on the top of a mosque, and fired into the garden; they were, however, driven away or knocked over. Since then other batteries have been constructed on the left, and to-morrow morning there will be twenty-eight more heavy guns and twenty-two mortars in action. The work of destruction will then commence in earnest. The ten-gun battery has already done wonders. Every salvo sends up clouds of earth out of the bastion, and the Moree is in ruins.

The loss on the first day was eighteen killed and

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fifty-seven wounded: as usual, it was somewhat understated in my first letter, for trivial wounds are not noticed till the doctors' reports come in. The loss yesterday is stated to be under twenty. There has been some sharp fighting to-day, and a sortie was made from the Cashmeeree, and driven in again most gallantly.

The following are the casualties among the officers. Hilderbrand (Artillery), Bannerman (Belouches), killed. Budd (Artillery), Eaton (Rifles), Randal, 59th (attached to Coke's), Murray (Engineers), wounded. Eaton was struck this morning on the head with a splinter: he is not seriously hurt. Murray lost his arm. All our Meerut friends are well. Hogge has just been in my tent: he is in excellent spirits, and doing capital service. Mention this to his wife. I trust, my dearest, all this confusion and vexation about letters will soon be at an end.

Sept. 10.

I AM afraid the Kurnaul line is closed as well as that by Bagput, and I have written to you to-day by a Cossid, who brought me a letter yesterday from Williams. All these troubles will be soon remedied. Delhi is crumbling under the fire of our guns, and as yet only a fifth of the fire has been brought to

bear upon it; but to-morrow morning there will be a grand smashing and pounding, and the heavy mortars will rain shells on the battlements and city.

Wilby has had to take up ground within 180 yards of the city for his left breaching battery. The working party threw up sufficient shelter during the night to save themselves from the fire, and the work is going on. The effect of eight heavy guns at that distance will be terrific. Johnson commands or serves in the right breaching battery of eighteen guns. Tombs has charge of the heavy mortar battery.

Yesterday evening it was beautiful to watch the salvos fired at the Moree and Cashmeeree. At that time of the day the shot make a tremendous rattle in passing through the air, and the flash of the guns and explosion of shells add very much to the effect. I am quite sure if you were once on the top of the Flagstaff, you would remain there till the siege is over: it is very fascinating. This morning I went up to the top of the Observatory, which is a capital place; but there was a thick haze, and I could not see much.

The sortie this morning was driven back in fine style, principally by Coke's men. Some cavalry galloped across near the glacié, and got well pitched

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into. They must despair of arresting our progress when they see ground so boldly taken up, and so stoutly maintained. Wilby sends a good report of himself. The romantic Koolsia Bagh is made a little hot by a mortar; the enemy have got on the other side the river. Edward goes on duty again this evening. The General has selected him, Colonel Burn, and Major Brookes, of the 75th, to take the duty alternately.

Waterfield sat with me for some time yesterday, and we had a long friendly chat. I had a visit to-day from young Caulfield, of the 9th Cavalry, a son of my friend Mrs. Caulfield. He is a well-looking fellow. I find the General civil enough, he is well disposed to me, and listens to what I have to say. Edward wrote to you yesterday.

The real number of casualties on the 8th were eighteen killed and fifty-seven wounded, the slight wounds and contusions make up the difference; yesterday I hope they were under twenty. To-day they will probably be heavier. Eaton is, I hope, not much hurt: he is a good officer.

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## LETTER CIX.

Camp, Delhi, Sept. 11.

THE arrival of the Meerut post this morning with your letters of the 7th and 8th, dissipated my fears of the Kurnaul line being intercepted, and I am at ease again about affairs on your side the river. I am sorry that a strong easterly wind will prevent you from enjoying the sounds which proclaim the gradual decline of Delhi.

There is now little interruption between the shot and salvos; for No. 11. has opened with twenty heavy guns, and Tombs has been making some sweet practice with his ten heavy mortars. They opened at ten this morning, and I went up to the top of the Mosque after breakfast, and had the satisfaction of seeing the Cashmeeree Bastion most handsomely shut up. The Moree can only fire a light gun from an out-of-the-way corner, and is in reality done for, and past remedy. Brind's battery of six 18-pounders still continues to drive into it.

The other four-gun battery under him, which played on the Cashmeeree Bastion, caught fire yesterday afternoon, from our own firing, and everything had to be cleared out. It did not much matter, for the four guns were to have been advanced to No. 11. last

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night, but I think it gave the Pandeas a little confidence, and they made a great row all night, firing from the walls. The opening of No. 11. and the mortars must have put a stop to their elation. During this time Brind's battery of six had a hot time of it, for they were the only six guns left below the ridge ready for action; but they continued to fire salvos into the Moree, as if nothing had happened.

Gillespie, of the Artillery, was wounded, and they have had a good many casualties in the battery. Eaton, I am afraid, is badly hurt. Wilby's pet battery at the Custom House, within 180 yards, is to be complete this evening, and then our line of fire will reach from end to end. I look to the 14th or 15th as the day of assault. I hope the bastions and wall will be carried with little loss. One cannot tell yet what prospect there is of a position in the city, for the Pandeas have not made up their minds what to do, and human nature is not easily cyphered under such circumstances, but the pounding must work its effects.

I went down to Koolsia Bagh again last night, with Shute and Metcalfe. I had a chat with Edward. Wilby was out. Sir Edward Campbell (60th Rifles) was on duty. His qualities as an officer are

highly prized. We shall have a jolly look at the firing this evening; it would be perfect if the guns consumed their own smoke; one cannot always see the effect of the shots.

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## LETTER CX.

Camp, Delhi, Sept. 12.

THE difficulty about the left batteries has not yet been got over. It was found necessary this morning, when they were about to be opened, to alter some of the embrasures, and these guns will not be in play till this evening. In the meanwhile the 20-gun battery and the ten mortars are carrying destruction into the city, and the battery under Major Brind still mercilessly grinds at the Moree.

We have the satisfaction of knowing that nearly all the heavy guns we hear are our own. The musketry is mostly theirs. The Pandeas are good skirmishers, and like ensconcing themselves in holes and behind rocks, and firing in safety. One party of them came to grief yesterday. They were lying in a trench, snipping at the battery, when a shell from a mortar, which was pronounced rather a bad one, being directed at the bastion, fell among them,

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and above twenty were seen to be carried off, killed and wounded. This cleared that front of skirmishers.

There was a gallant cavalry combat in our rear yesterday afternoon. About 200 of the enemy got across the canal drain, with the view of cutting off some camels and bullocks. They formed up in column when they first saw a detachment of our cavalry, but broke when the distance was lessened to 500 yards, and made for the canal. They were, however, met by another party of eighty of the Guide Cavalry, under Sanford (3rd Cavalry), and two of the enemy's native officers and twenty-five sowars were killed. They probably thought the attention of every one was directed to the front, and that they could help themselves to baggage animals with impunity.

Major Campbell, of the Artillery, was wounded in the leg by a grape-shot last night. I have not heard of any other casualty among the officers, and I can give a good report of all the "Meeruters." All commanding officers were summoned to-day, to be made acquainted with the plan of attack. I have seen Edward and Colonel Campbell (52nd) since; they both think well of it. I still think the 15th will be the day, but it may be the 14th, if the left batteries can do their work expeditiously.

I hope you have not been again without daily letters; I know, at this moment, what a sore deprivation it must be, to be without intelligence of events you can hear passing, and which will interest the whole world. I suppose the calm confidence with which the result is awaited in camp, is an element of success. I trust the townspeople are taking advantage of this warning to send the women and children away; I do not hear of any exodus from the palace. I fancy the King has no idea of being called upon to vacate the home of his ancestors.

(Letters of the 13th lost; both the mail-bags were robbed; also the letter of the 14th, *viâ* Kurnaul.)

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LETTER CXL

Camp, Delhi, Sept. 14.

I HAVE written to you by Kurnaul, and send this by express, *viâ* Bagput. Delhi was stormed this morning, and we hold all the defences from the Water Bastion to the Cabul Gate, (between the Moree and Lahore,) and all the buildings about the church. The remainder must now be reduced by artillery fire, and this process has commenced.

Edward was safe by the last accounts. Wilby was shot through the arm, and pricked in the chest by a bayonet; neither wounds are dangerous. The losses among officers I heard of, before leaving the city to return and write, were General Nicholson, mortally wounded; Major Reid, severely ditto; Rosser, Carabineers, ditto, ditto; Lieutenant Fitzgerald, 75th, killed; Bradshaw, 52nd, ditto; Major Brooks, 8th, wounded; Major Baines, ditto; Lieutenant Pogson, ditto; Meux, ditto; Lieutenant Nicholson, arm amputated; and there are, I am afraid, several others wounded, but no others belonging to Meerut.

Rosser, I fear, cannot survive. I saw Scott, Elliot, Hogge, Waterfield, Johnson, a short time ago, all right, and the General, I am thankful to say, is unharmed; and may he be so preserved, for there is no second-in-command to look to now. Colonel Campbell, of the 52nd, was shot through the arm, but was still doing his duty when I left. Saunders and Metcalfe both did good service; both are safe. You will find further details in my Kurnaul letter.

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## LETTER CXII.

Camp, Delhi, Sept. 15.

WHEN I wrote yesterday, I had not seen Wilby. I went to his tent soon after, and found that all his wounds were from the same bullet. It passed through the upper part of the right fore-arm, breaking one of the bones, and cut him across the lower part of the chest, in two places, on the protrusion of the ribs. There is, of course, nothing dangerous in the wounds. He slept pretty well last night, and to-day is free from all pain and uneasiness, and quite cheerful. I have not yet reached Edward, but I had a note from him to-day, assuring me of his continued safety. He is well established at the Cabul Gate. He lost eight officers, killed and wounded, in his regiment.

The casualty list does not exceed what was expected by the less sanguine, but it proves what a hard struggle it is to enter a fortified town defended with determination. About 40 officers were killed and wounded, and 600 men. The actual deaths were 8 officers, and perhaps 60 men; but there are 200 men severely wounded, many of whom will be lost to the Service.

I went down again to the city yesterday evening, and dined at the head-quarter mess, in Skinner's house, in the city. On my return I did not hear a shot fired, and the night was quite quiet in camp. I went down again this morning. There was an attack on the College Garden, which was repelled, and some grape and round shot from Selimghur, but it does not do any particular damage.

Our position is much the same as I described yesterday; but it is better secured. Batteries have been erected against the Magazine, which will, I hope, be ours to-morrow. There are ten mortars playing on the city, and the bastions have guns turned on it. Innumerable gun caps are found; there were two or three lacs in an outhouse of Skinner's alone, so their deficiency was all stuff. Ammunition is strewed about in great quantities. They had commenced to erect a fortification in the Church-square: it is the only interior fortification I have seen; but every native house is a little fortress.

It is impossible to get news from the town; the gates that remain in the possession of the enemy are carefully guarded, and no one dares approach our posts. There are some hopes of Nicholson, and Reid will recover. Poor Tandy (Engineers) was killed, Henry Brownlow (Engineers) wounded. The En-

gineers had eight killed and wounded out of fifteen officers. No service is exposed to such risks.

News has just come in, from Agra, of poor Mr. Colvin's death. I expected this from what I heard yesterday evening. I am very sorry for him, his career was so prosperous up to the 10th May. I see clearly that my chance of being relieved here quickly is not so good as before; and the occupation of the remainder of the city, &c., and cessation of hostilities, cannot be looked for immediately; so I think you had better at once make up your mind to join Ellen at the first opportunity. I am sure the change will do you good. I wrote yesterday both by Kurnaul and Bagput.

I have seen Tombs; his troop was under a tremendous fire yesterday, and he lost heavily in men and horses. He escaped with a graze, and remains on duty. Sir Edward Campbell was with the Rifles during the assault; he describes the fire of musketry as awful. He escaped without a hit. He has now taken Reid's post, at Hindoo Rao's. Wilby was wounded at the very outset, before the storming party reached the ditch. Poor boy, he will not get the rest he so much needed. He is well attended; a big Seikh is a capital nurse, and he is quite comfortable. I saw young Trench this morning: he was



in the mortar battery, and is still employed as a gunner.

Sept. 15, 6 P.M.

I send you a copy of a list I have just received of the officers killed and wounded; the list of the wounded is, I fear, not quite complete, for the 8th had eight officers hit. It is certainly a grievous loss, and will satisfy the world what a task this army has had set to it:—

*Officers killed.*

Bradshaw	-	-	-	52nd Queen's.
Fitzgerald	-	-	-	75th „
Rosser	-	-	-	Carabineers.
Murray	-	-	-	Guides.
McBarnett	-	-	-	55th Native Infantry.
Tandy	-	-	-	Engineers.
Davidson	-	-	-	26th Native Infantry.
Jacob	-	-	-	1st Fusileers.

*Officers wounded.*

Nicholson, Brigd.	-	-	-	(body).
Nicholson, Lieut.	-	-	-	(lost right arm).
Baines, Major	-	8th Queen's	-	(lost leg).
Pogson	-	8th „	-	(lost leg).
Stebbins	-	8th „		
Brooke	-	8th „		
Campbell, Col.	-	52nd „	-	(hand).
Bailey	-	52nd „		
Atkinson	-	52nd „		

Curtis	-	-	60th Rifles.
Waters	-	-	60th „
Deacon	-	-	61st Queen's.
Armstrong	-	-	75th „
Herbert	-	-	75th „
Greville	-	-	1st Fusileers - ( <i>arm</i> ).
Wernyss	-	-	1st „ - ( <i>foot</i> ).
Owen	-	-	1st „ - ( <i>head</i> ).
Speke	-	-	1st „ (65th Native Infantry).
Caulfield	-	-	1st „ (3rd „ )
Lambert	-	-	1st „ - ( <i>leg</i> ).
Graydon	-	-	1st „ (16th Native Infantry).
Hay, Capt.	-	-	2nd „ (60th „ ) ( <i>mouth</i> ).
Elderton, Lieut.	-	-	2nd „ - ( <i>leg</i> ).
Greathed, Lieut., Engineers	-	-	- ( <i>arm</i> ).
Salkeld	-	-	„ - ( <i>arm and leg</i> ).
Maunsel	-	-	„
Home	-	-	„ - ( <i>since killed</i> ).
Chesney	-	-	„
Pemberton	-	-	„
Medley	-	-	„
Lindsay, Lieut., Horse Artillery	-	-	- ( <i>neck</i> ).
Elliot, Lieut.	-	-	„
Reid, Col.	-	-	Simoor Battalion ( <i>head</i> ).
Boisragon, Capt.	-	-	„
Anson, Capt.	-	-	Aide-de-camp.
Gambier, Lieut., 38th Native Infantry	-	-	( <i>since dead</i> ).
Gustavenskee	-	-	
Woodcock	-	-	55th „
Cuppage	-	-	2nd Punjab Cavalry.

## LETTER CXIII.

Camp, Delhi, Sept. 16.

THE Magazine was carried this morning, with the loss of three wounded; it is still full of guns, shot, and shell, and our troops are now close to the Palace, so much so that the musketry rattles from the Palace walls, in the Magazine Compound. A battery is now being constructed at the further end of the Magazine, which will play on the Palace, and the battery that breached the Magazine is altered so as to bear on the Palace and Selimghur. There has, consequently, been a very satisfactory progress on that side, and our occupation is better secured.

I went this morning to pay Edward a visit at the Cabul Gate. The road, round under the rampart, is free from all unpleasantness, except defunct Pandees, bullocks, and mules. I found Edward in great force. He is so cool and self-possessed, and has such a power of command, that he is the real commandant of that part of the town, and he is spoken of with much encomium. He is looking brown and thin, and is very hoarse, but he is quite well, and ready for anything. He has extended his occupation to a considerable distance down the canal, and had just got hold of a fine building, called Jung Bahadur's

house, quite a palace, which gives the troops a great command, and will facilitate the taking of the Lahore Gate. I was very glad to see him again; I hardly thought I should ever have seen him alive any more.

On the 14th I returned and breakfasted at headquarters, in Skinner's house, and then went with Shute to see the College-garden Battery. It is not so quiet about there, as Selimghur still speaks, and there is a light gun on the causeway which they move about; but it is all noise, for they are obliged to fire high. I got back to camp at eleven, and went to see Wilby. I left him in a tranquil sleep last night, and found him to-day quite cool, and free from pain, and he is doing as well as possible.

I sent you a list of the wounded yesterday, by the Bagput Express. I am glad to find Elliot is not badly hurt. His head was grazed. Scott got a touch on the thumb to-day by a spent ball; he attends to his duty. Frith is quite safe; so is Johnson. Tombs was touched on the leg, but did not report himself wounded. The General is a good deal knocked up. He has now made Colonel Seaton Chief of his Staff, and he will be relieved from much detail. He ought to come to camp and get a good night's rest.

The gradual occupation of the town contributes

much more to its effectual ruin than if it had been taken possession of at one blow. The whole population are being driven out, and they have little chance of seeing their property again. Some old women are found here and there, and are quite kindly treated by the men, and helped out of the place. No instance has yet occurred of any woman being intentionally killed.

There is a European shop near the Cabul Gate, into which I went with Edward, and I helped myself to a wine glass to give to Stewart, as I broke his the other day. The men were breaking open the hermetically sealed cases with their bayonets. You may imagine that the cheeses and bacon did not remain long. There were some chandeliers to which I think I had some right, but I am a poor plunderer. Old "Bryan" is in excellent condition, and I rode him the morning of the storm. I am sure he enjoys the sound of cannon shot.

The fire from Selimghur was rather warm, as we were standing on the top of Ludlow Castle, but I did not observe many casualties from it. Grape and musketry at close quarters are the only real destructives. I was sorry for poor M<sup>c</sup>Barnett. He was an only son, and he had a letter in his pocket for his mother. He told some one so. It was the miscon-

duct of the Jummoo troops that caused the failure of that attack. They made a point of being under their own officers, and their general was the first to bolt. They left four guns in the hands of the Pandeas. I wish the poor wretches had never come here. The Jheend Infantry, under Durnsford, did very well.

Le Bas telegraphed to me yesterday that Shamlee had been attacked, and a civilian and a Tehseeldar killed. I suppose something has occurred, and I shall be anxious to see whether to-day's post comes in. I send you a note from Edward, just received; you will be glad to see his handwriting. If he were only a full colonel, I think he would be appointed second in command.

Sept. 16.

I have written you a long letter by Kurnaul, so I will only say that everything is getting on satisfactorily. The Magazine has been taken, and our occupation is extended up the canal from the Cabul Gate. Dear Wilby is free from fever and pain. I saw Edward this morning: he is in excellent spirits, and proud of his regiment, and is doing first-rate service.

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## LETTER CXIV.

Camp, Delhi, Sept. 17.

I HAVE great fears my letters have not reached you. The express by Bagput returned yesterday, and we have had no post from Meerut by Kurnaul to-day, owing, I hear, to disturbances about Shamlee.

All is going on favourably here. The Magazine was occupied yesterday morning, and the Bank to-day; and there is now a line of posts from the Magazine on the left, to the Cabul Gate on the right. The guns and mortars are now directed against Selimghur and the Palace, and are firing hotly. Our loss has been trifling since the 14th, and the sickness has abated.

There has been great slaughter among the Pandeas. The women are well treated, and seek refuge in our lines with perfect confidence. Kishengunj, and all the suburbs, have been evacuated, and the guns left behind. Poor M<sup>c</sup>Barnett's body was found there. The Pandeas are certainly leaving the town in the Gwalior direction. It is expected the Palace will be defended by the King's own troops, and by one regiment of Sepoys, and the 3rd Cavalry. But our shells must be knocking them about most unpleasantly, and there will be soon a hole in the wall.

Dear Wilby is getting on very well: he sleeps soundly, and has no pain or fever. I saw Edward again this morning in high force: the safety of our right posts is confided to him. Jones, of the 60th, holds the left, and does well. Elliot, of the Artillery, is only slightly wounded, and is getting on well. I have seen to-day Hogge, Scott, Frith, Johnson, Mackinnon, Custance—all well. Rosser, poor fellow, is still alive. General Nicholson is a shade better. General Wilson is better to-day; he has recovered from his fatigue. I am sorry to hear a very bad account of poor young Gambier; there is, I fear, but little chance of his surviving. Saunders is very useful: he is employed as a prize agent.

I go down early to the city, breakfast there, see all that is to be seen, pay Edward a visit, and return about one to write letters. I dine and sleep in camp. Colonel Campbell is obliged to lay up, his wound is painful. Bailey and Atkinson (52nd) were slightly hurt. Poor young Webb, of the 8th, is dead. Robert Baines and Pogson (8th) have had to suffer amputation above the knee. Walker (8th), and Sandilands (8th), are also hit, and laid up. Poor Baines and Bannatyne are the best officers Edward has left.

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## LETTER CXV.

Delhi, Sept. 17.

I AM afraid the post by Kurnaul and Shamlee must be interrupted, so I have sent my long letter to-day by Cossid. I will only send a summary by post. Wilby is getting on nicely. Edward is quite well.

The tide of our success is rolling on, and the Pan-dees are evidently giving in. We have now a connected line of posts from the Magazine on the left, to the Cabul Gate on the right, passing through the Bank. The Sepoys have evacuated Kishengunj, and are leaving the city by the Gwalior road. Great numbers have been killed. The Palace will be probably defended by the more staunch Royalists. Battering and shelling are going on at a great pace, and "His Majesty" must be very uneasy. You may depend upon it we shall soon be in full possession.

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LETTER CXVI.

Delhi, Sept. 18.

I SINCERELY trust that some of my letters have reached you, and that your anxieties have been

appeased. I dread to think what you will have suffered if no letters have come in. I have sent them by Kurnaul, by Bagput, and by private messenger. It is very grievous not to have heard from or of you since the 13th, but I trust that God's mercy protects you.

Wilby is getting on well. The bone was a good deal smashed, and pieces of bone and of cloth came away; it is so fortunate the other bone escaped. Edward has been preserved from danger. He was engaged in a street fight this morning, and had men shot close to him, but thank God he was untouched. It is a great object now to lose few men; so the progress must be slow, and there is little done except with big guns and mortars, which, however, must tell well on the enemy. Their effect before we entered the town is revealed by the number of bodies found in every direction.

If the King wishes to have the lives of his family and his own spared, he had better surrender the Palace, and I should be glad to save that slaughter. Great numbers of women have thrown themselves on our mercy, and have been safely passed on. One meets mournful processions of these unfortunates, many of them evidently quite unaccustomed to walk, with children and sometimes old men.

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Poor Pogson (8th) died yesterday. Philips, of the 11th, is killed. Nicholson and Rosser both survive, and I trust they may be spared. I have seen to-day Hogge, Scott, Gurstin, Johnson, Custance, Frith, and Saunders; Elliot is doing well.

If you were at Mussoorie I could depend upon hearing daily. It is so tantalising to be so near, and yet five days without hearing from you.

No troops cross the bridge; it is commanded by our guns; the retreat is in the Muttra direction. The number of guns captured since the assault is 203, besides wall pieces. There were 155 in the Magazine, the rest were in the bastions and batteries. The Pandeas must feel their strength broken. Scott's battery made a tremendous smash of the Water Bastion.

The greatest exploit was the explosion of the gate: the powder-bags were carried by Lieutenant Salkeld and Home, engineers, and three sergeants; two sergeants were killed, and Lieutenant Salkeld most severely wounded: he still had the presence of mind to give the slow match to the surviving sergeant, who applied it to the port-fire, and blew it into a blaze, and then dragged Salkeld under the bridge; Home escaped. This was in broad daylight, and under tremendous musketry from the walls.

## CONCLUSION.

THE fighting continued through the 19th, and on the 20th our troops gained entire possession of the city, the palace, and the fortress of Selimghur.

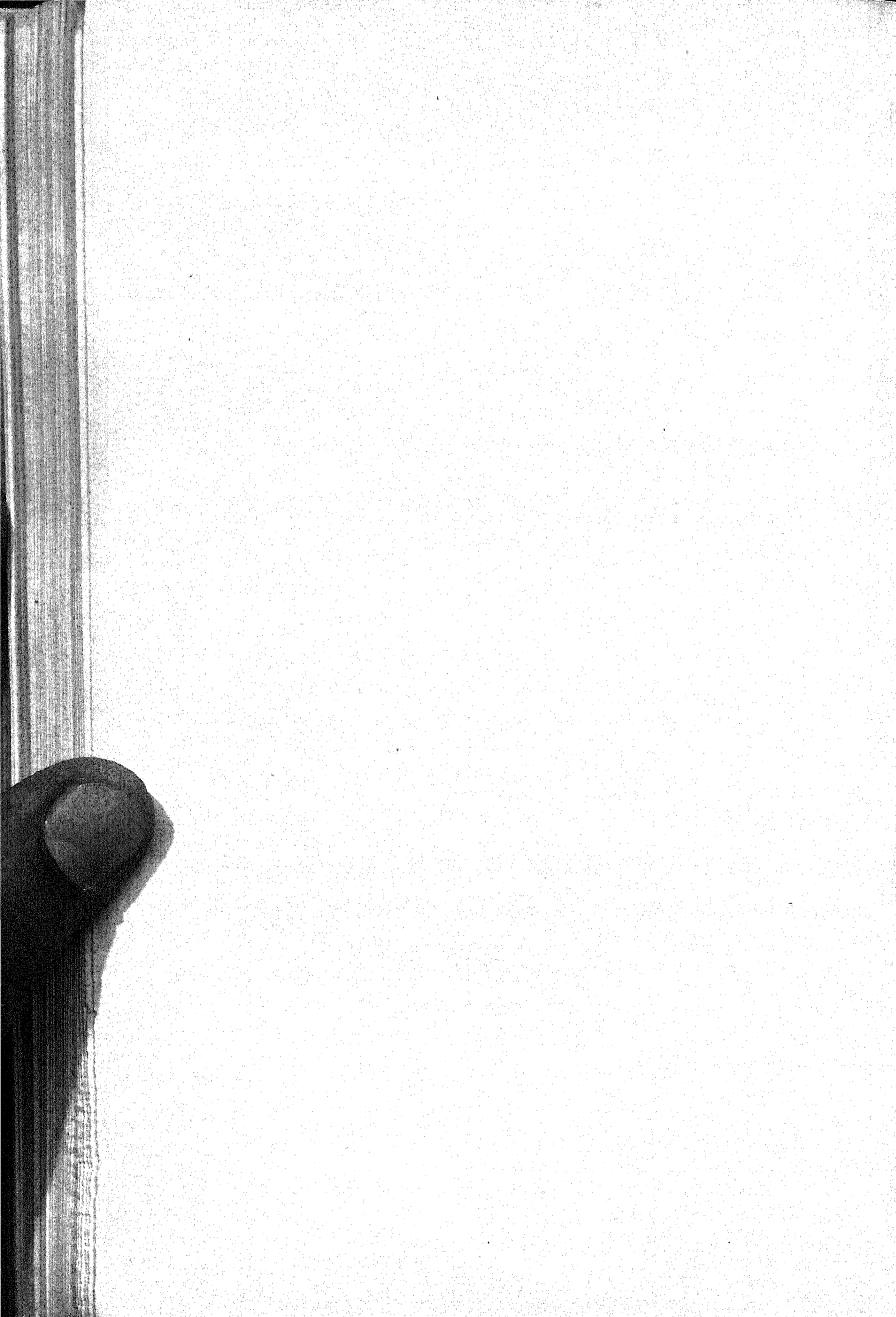
The patient reader of the Preface needs no explanation why those days are without their record.

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## APPENDIX.

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THE following extract of a letter, dated Allahabad, May 24th, 1858, with subjoined documents, may be thought interesting :—

### No. I.

“ Since the departure of the last mail, the Governor-General has bestowed on Golab Khan a present of a thousand rupees and a life pension of ten rupees a month. To the old gardener, five hundred rupees and six rupees pension. Old Jan Fishan (an Affghan pensioner) has had his pension of a thousand a month (previously given for his own life only) made hereditary in his family; and villages in the neighbourhood of Sirdhana, paying ten thousand rupees revenue, are made over to him and his family, half revenue only to be exacted during his life, and three quarters of the amount in the two succeeding generations. His black-bearded nephew has had his previous life pension of six hundred a month enhanced to eight hundred and made hereditary, and has proprietary rights, similar to his uncle's, conferred upon him in respect of villages paying a yearly revenue of six thousand

rupees to Government. All four have had the additional honour of having the announcement of their rewards conveyed to them in letters from the Governor-General.”  
—(*Extract from a letter from Wilberforce Greathed, Lieutenant of Engineers.*)

## No. II.

*To W. Muir, Esq., Secretary to the Government of the North-Western Provinces.*

“Allahabad, 11th Feb. 1857.

“SIR,

“At the very commencement of the outbreak at Meerut, on the evening of the 10th May, 1857, Sirdar Bahadur Peer Mahomed Khan, nephew of the Affghan chieftain, Jan Fishan Khan, rode to the residence of my brother, the late Mr. Hervey Greathed, Commissioner of Meerut, who had returned to the station the previous evening, after an absence on duty of three days’ duration, and gave him friendly warning of the coming storm. He remained with my brother until the insurgents entered the grounds in which his house was situated, and was then and there wounded with a bullet fired by a trooper of the 3rd Light Cavalry.

“The Commissioner had determined not to leave his house. On the approach of the mutineers he ascended to the terraced roof with his wife and two helpless women, who had come to his house for protection. There, with loaded arms, he awaited the issue.

“It was not long deferred. The insurgents were met

at the entrance of the house by Golab Khan Jemadar, an old and trusted servant, who maintained, in reply to repeated inquiries, that his master and mistress had gone to church. The people about, animated by his example, confirmed the statement. The police-guard over the house, composed of a class which has betrayed its trust in almost every instance during the rebellion, was faithful here. Every member of a large establishment was fully aware of their master's peril, and all shared the undoubted risk of denying his being about the place.

"Every word spoken was at the first heard by the party on the roof.

"The work of destruction commenced. Grass and other combustibles, brought from the stables by the excited rabble, were heaped against the outside Venetian doors; furniture, broken and piled high in the centre rooms, was set on fire. At length, the solid timbers which supported the roof were in a blaze, and, to all appearance, nothing could save those who had taken refuge on the terrace.

"At this juncture, Golab Khan, who, when he saw the destruction of the house to be inevitable, had feigned to take part in the orgy, incited the crowd to pillage a large store-house at some distance from the mansion, and up to that time untouched. The scheme succeeded. As the rabble left the house on one side, servants, previously instructed by the Jemadar, placed ladders against the opposite walls, and, as by a miracle, the party on the roof escaped a dreadful death.

"In a few, perhaps ten, minutes after it was deserted, the roof fell with a crash.



"Those who had left it took refuge in the garden hard by, where they remained in safety till day broke and the last of the rioters had left the place (though search was made through the garden, and threatening orders to disclose their retreat were again overheard by those whose life was sought).

"At length, the roads near the house being reported clear, a buggy was procured by Golab Khan, and this most marvellous escape was concluded.

"Situated as I am, I conceive it a duty to submit these circumstances, gathered from my brother's lips, to the notice of the Right Honourable the Governor-General, and to solicit the favour of the Government towards those who were most instrumental in saving the life of a distinguished public officer and of three English women.

"These were, Golab Khan Jemadar, the head gardener, and the Affghan sirdar.

"I have, &c.

"(Signed)      WILBERFORCE H. GREATHED,  
"Lt. Deputy Consulting Engineer to Govt."

### No. III.

"Golab Khan Jemadar was for twenty years in the service of my brother, the late Hervey H. Greathed, Commissioner of Meerut. He never left him in that period, save when, in his master's absence on furlough, he served my brother Robert. I have known him myself for twelve years.

Entirely trusted by his master, he fully requited the

confidence reposed in him. Intelligent and full of resource, well-mannered, good-tempered, watchful, thoughtful, and discreet, never absent when wanted, and never in the way, attached only as the best of English servants are attached to the best of masters and mistresses, Golab Khan stands alone in my estimation amongst natives of his class.

“His power of getting everyone about him to work cheerfully and willingly is quite peculiar, and he allows no difficulties to interfere with the execution of his duty.

“On the outbreak of the mutinies at Meerut, 10th May, 1857, he was mainly instrumental in saving the lives of his master and mistress at the risk of his own. For this service he has been honoured by the Governor-General with a purwanah conferring a reward of a thousand rupees and a life pension of ten rupees a month.

“This certificate of service is given to him on his return from Calcutta, whither he has attended his mistress on her way to England, not merely as a means of assistance in obtaining honourable employment, but as an expression of my gratitude and esteem.

“(Signed) WILBERFORCE H. GREATHED,

“Lieutenant of Engineers.

“Allahabad, 20th May, 1858.”

THE END.

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